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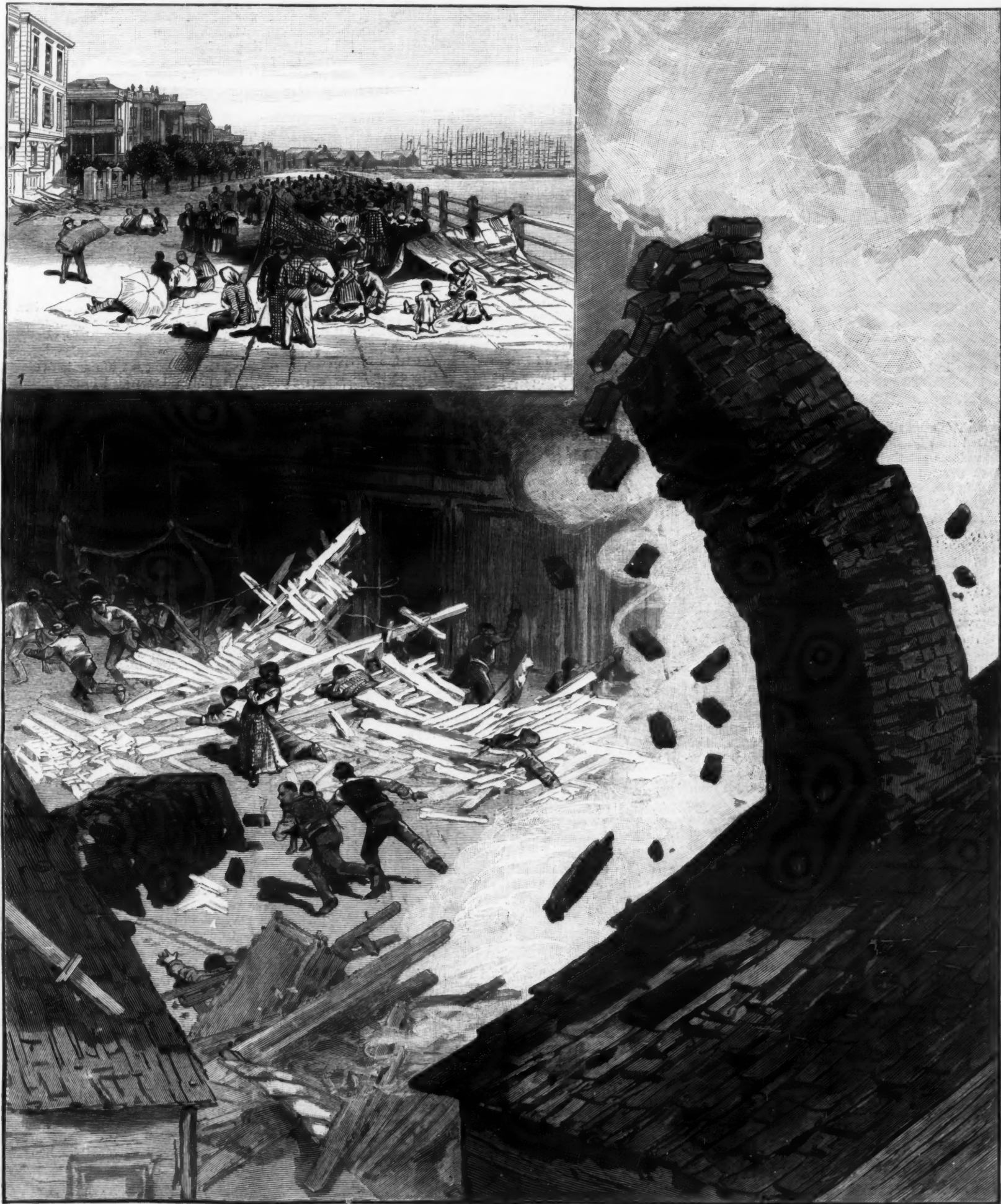
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,616.—Vol. LXIII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



1. THE PANIC-STRICKEN CITIZENS SEEKING REFUGE ON BATTERY PLACE.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON—SCENE AFTER THE FIRST SHOCK.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM AND JULIAN RICE.—SEE PAGE 58.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

THE earthquake whose destructive influences centred at Charleston on Tuesday night of last week increases in interest, and in its importance relatively to other phenomena of the kind, as its extent and effects and the value of the scientific inferences deducible from it become better known. Besides being felt at nearly all points in the United States east of the Mississippi River and in Canada, it was distinctly felt throughout the Mediterranean basin, viz., at Antequera, near Malaga, in Spain, and at Smyrna, and was accompanied by a previously unobserved volcanic eruption in Malta. As the shocks at Smyrna were felt between ten and twelve, Smyrna time, and those at Charleston and elsewhere in the United States at about the same hour of our time, it would seem that the agitation passed westward at almost identically the rate at which solar time traverses the globe.

The phenomenon is thus connected with disturbances in the Mediterranean; and it now appears that the severe earthquakes of the week before in Greece, by which several hundred lives were lost, were accompanied within twenty-four hours by shocks on this side the ocean, which were only felt in Charleston very distinctly, and in North Carolina more faintly. The seat of the agitation, therefore, either lies below the Atlantic, or its effects are transmissible through its bed, making it an inter-continental affair of the first magnitude. It will be very strange if it shall appear that no tidal wave has accompanied it in any part of the Atlantic.

Our last preceding earthquake was even an affair of three continents. On June 11th last, a tremor was felt in Sandy Hook and Coney Island, within twenty-four hours of a pronounced shock at Antigua, in the West Indies, and at Poitiers, in France, both of which were nearly simultaneous with the terribly destructive outbreak in New Zealand.

The velocity with which the wave of shock travels has in some instances been measured by means of the telegraph with marvelous accuracy. In 1870, a shock began near Quebec, and extended westward to Chicago and southward to New York. A curious incident in connection with this harmless tremor was that warning was telegraphed from Quebec to Montreal so promptly, that the latter places got their advices thirty seconds before the shock reached them. The velocity of the wave of shock was in this case computed at 14,000 feet per second.

The great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon on November 1st, 1755, was followed for three weeks by almost continual quakings from Iceland to the Mediterranean, ending on November 18th in the most severe quake ever felt in New England. It began in Massachusetts with a roar like that of distant thunder, followed by a rolling swell on which the earth rocked like a vessel at sea, ending in a quick, horizontal jerking shock, which is said to have been continued two minutes. Nine hours afterwards a sea-wave twenty feet high reached St. Martin's, in the West Indies. In 1811, there was a quaking for several months over an area extending from New Madrid, Mo., to South America, where it ended on March 26th, 1812, in the great and destructive earthquake at Caracas. South America is doubtless the banner continent for earthquakes; their violence and frequency in all parts of that continent exceeding any elsewhere known. That of April, 1832, destroyed 12,000 persons in Buenos Ayres alone. One in Chili, in 1822, permanently raised an area of land as large as Indiana and Illinois combined from two to seven feet.

These and many other like cases show that the forces which produce earthquakes are those inseparable from the condition of the vast body of the earth's interior as a molten and fluid mass, slowly parting with its heat and contracting its volume. Forty miles downward is the greatest distance to which we may be permitted to suppose a solid crust extends. This is only one hundredth part the distance to the earth's centre. The perfect fluidity of so large a mass constitutes, therefore, a central and omnipotent force, to whose tendencies the thin exterior crust must conform. It is only remarkable that, being in this state of fluidity, it should be so much more stable, and so much less obedient to the tractile force exerted by the moon and sun, than the volume of water on the earth's surface is shown to be by the regular recurrence of the tides.

The notion that parts of the earth's crust in which the strata appear to be of older geological date, like the Atlantic coast, are more secure against the extreme effects of earthquakes than the Rocky Mountain or Pacific coasts, is a mere theory, liable to prove a delusion. The forces are too sublimely vast, and the areas over which they act are too great, to admit of restraint from the supposed solidity of rocky strata or congelations. As well suppose the rockings of the ocean could be restrained by a film of ice on its surface.

ALEXANDER'S RETURN.

RUSSIA'S deliberate intention to destroy Prince Alexander is now apparent. The somewhat ridiculous

failure of the kidnapping affair, and the Prince's triumphant return to Bulgaria, more firmly than ever established in the affections of his people, leave Russia in a position of humiliation and anger which the resources of Muscovite diplomacy are scarcely adequate to disguise. At Vienna, the occasion has been seized to push eastward the frontier of Austria's influence from Belgrade to Sofia. We already hear of messages of amity and sympathy from King Milan of Serbia, the Austrian puppet, to his late enemy, the Prince of Bulgaria. The prospect of a complete reconciliation between the two states, and a recognized community of sentiment and interest, is not remote. England, also, finds cause for satisfaction in the proved strength of the barrier which she labored so hard to erect north of the Balkans against Russian advance towards Constantinople.

For the peace of Europe and the settlement of the Eastern question there could be no better scheme than the ultimate consolidation of Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, Roumania and Serbia into an independent and self-sustaining Power. It would gradually crowd the Mussulman out of Europe, and occupy the whole of the peninsula. It would be a gain to civilization. Ideally, it is the solution of the problem which furnishes half the occupation of European diplomacy and half the reasons for the maintenance of the huge standing armies that diplomacy holds in the leash. Unquestionably the drift of events since the Berlin Congress is that way; and if left to themselves, or knit together by successful resistance to outside pressure, the peoples along the lower Danube will sooner or later arrive at national unity, as Italy has arrived, and as Germany has. Together, these states would form a new nation, inferior in population, but probably superior in military efficiency, to the Spain of to-day. But the creation of such a state, except as the creature of Russia, would put an end for ever to the traditional hopes of the great Northern Empire, whose policy of aggression towards the Bosphorus is handed down from Czar to Czar. And now that the hostile front of this potential nation is set definitely towards the North, Russia is bound to endeavor to accomplish by force what she has so conspicuously and ignominiously failed to do by intrigue.

That is why the situation in the East, so far as it concerns the peace of Europe, has not been improved by the re-establishment of Prince Alexander on the throne from which he was dragged at midnight by conspirators in the pay of the Czar's secret service. In the opinion of many of the most sagacious observers, the beginning of the inevitable conflict is not far off. The Russian newspapers make no attempt to conceal their wrath at the miscarriage of Zankoff's plot. They say that Alexander's return may postpone, but cannot prevent, "the fulfillment of the measures decided upon for the settlement of the affairs of Bulgaria"; and the Czar himself, in reply to a politic and most conciliatory message from Prince Alexander, declares in effect that the kidnapping was a merciful measure, designed to spare the sovereign a more direful fate, which he must now prepare to meet. The letter to Prince Alexander is a menace full of significance to Europe.

STRIKE NOW FOR HONEST MEN.

THE time is ripe for a thorough political reformation in New York city. Public opinion is aroused, as it has not been since the Tweed Ring exposures, concerning the demonstrated rottenness in our municipal affairs, and the dangers from venality and corruption in the government of this great city. Stealing may be said to have been brought to a standstill by the concentration of public attention upon the various kinds of official theft. Rascals are for the time being resting from their vicious practices because of the million eyes that are watching to detect the perpetrators of crime. The men suspected of bribe-taking and other villainies are no more seen in public places, while their friends and intimates are equally careful to avoid publicity.

Should not advantage be taken of these favorable conditions to secure the long-needed municipal reform? Is not this the time to strike for integrity in office and for honest men in all places of public trust? There are many ways in which a combined effort on the part of right-minded citizens would result in the promotion of the general welfare. Of these, three or four may be indicated.

1. They should with a united voice insist that earlier nominations shall be made for all county and municipal offices. Placing candidates before the public ten days or two weeks before an election is simply a device of the ringsters and knaves to secure the election to office of members of their particular rings and factions. The venal politicians of both parties work up or buy up delegates enough to nominating conventions to secure their man, and then spring his name when it is too late to organize any opposition against him. He is consequently "regularly" nominated, and with no opportunity on the part of the public to find out anything about him, and being on the "regular" ticket, he is, if a Democrat, generally elected, the Republican rival being wholly as disreputable a character as himself. This New York practice of naming candidates just before an election takes place is preposterously absurd. In the majority of other cities and States tickets are placed in nomination from two to five months before an election is held.

2. Good citizens should insist that all politicians and

office-holders who have been in any degree discredited before the public must pass to the rear. It is not a time for men with tainted reputations to expose themselves to the public gaze. Garments in the least smirched should be worn in private only. If the dishonest, and those whose integrity is questioned, will not voluntarily retire, they must be buried under an overwhelming avalanche of honest ballots.

3. All discriminating voters will, in times like these, disregard party lines in city and county elections. This is the only safe rule for the taxpayer, and, in fact, for one who would avoid voting for a thief or for a man owned by a thief. All parties have in times past put forward rather vulgar specimens of this class. The voter who cannot get out of the party traces to rebuke knavery or reward honesty deserves to be robbed by public plunderers. He should know no party and no faction of a party, when self-preservation is nature's first law.

4. And lastly, the whole moral and reputable portion of the community must unite to put down ring rule and gin-mill dictation. Clergymen should preach a new crusade against the political sins of this people and city; church-members should insist upon a good moral character upon the part of candidates for office; and teachers, lawyers, physicians, and all professional and business men, should act and vote as one man in the direction of order, decency, sobriety, uprightness and higher standards of social and official morality.

THE SEDGWICK INCIDENT.

A FEW days ago certain newspapers in New York and Chicago printed a most scandalous story about Mr. Arthur G. Sedgwick's behavior in the City of Mexico. Mr. Sedgwick is a well-known lawyer and journalist of this city, who was sent to Mexico by Secretary Bayard to examine the law in the Cutting case. He was represented as having spent a night in hilarious debauch with the gilded youth of the Mexican capital, winding up with a plunge into shameful depths of self-degradation.

The story as first published carried with it traces of malicious intent and apparent exaggeration. Mr. Sedgwick's friends, knowing him to be a gentleman of discreet habits and refined ideas of propriety, were not slow to pronounce the whole charge a fabrication. Everybody who cares for the maintenance of the nation's dignity by its representatives abroad was glad to accept this opinion. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the scandal obtained considerable currency in the City of Mexico. Some of the Mexican journals broadly hinted at its existence. The Consul-general of the United States sent an official dispatch to the State Department, charging Mr. Sedgwick in unqualified terms with an outrageous breach of propriety. The American residents of the City of Mexico held a meeting to take action in regard to the matter, adjourned to meet again, and finally adopted a resolution declaring that inasmuch as Mr. Sedgwick was in some sense an unofficial envoy, his conduct was not a proper subject for investigation.

This left the matter in a very unfortunate shape. Mr. Sedgwick's own denials as telegraphed North—perhaps because he did not fully understand the nature of the accusation—were not sufficiently explicit to clear away all doubts raised by the indeterminate action of the American residents. The Secretary of State showed a disposition to treat the charge as something to be dismissed with silent contempt. Up to the time of writing there has been no movement, either on the part of Mr. Sedgwick or of the Department, towards a definite and conclusive refutation of a libel that ought to have been stamped out within twenty-four hours after its utterance.

It is a mistake to assume that because Mr. Sedgwick is not an accredited envoy of the State Department, his personal behavior is no concern of the public's. Two countries are interested in the errand on which he was sent by Secretary Bayard, and few people will draw any fine distinction between his mission and that of a regular diplomatic agent. For his sake, as well as for the good name of the United States, the Government ought to investigate the charges promptly and thoroughly. If they are only partially true, there would be reason enough for his recall. If they are entirely false, as we hope and are glad to believe, the fact should be established beyond question, if only in justice to the victim of one of the cruellest slanders ever perpetrated.

Indeed, we should suppose that Mr. Sedgwick would be the first to demand such an investigation.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND MANUAL TRAINING.

THE efforts of the Industrial Education Association to introduce manual training into the New York system of public instruction have so far proved ineffectual. The conference which was held in the Spring between a special committee of the Association and a committee of the New York School Board resulted rather in revealing the obstacles in the way than in anything like progress. Yet in such a revelation there is progress. It is a great step gained when the advocates of a measure which is sure, finally, to succeed, fully realize what they have to overcome.

Of course they will succeed in the end. Already a large number of cities and towns in various States have adopted or are experimenting upon the system. It has

passed beyond the stage of investigation that industrial education is a preventive of crime; that it is the best solution of some of the many difficulties of the labor question; that it delights and refreshes, not overtaxes, the weary student. It needs, further, only to be understood that it is a direct means of education, to be unhesitatingly incorporated into the public-school system of the nation. For, while school boards may well take the position that the prevention of vice, however praiseworthy and essential, is not within their province; that the solution of labor questions, however importunate they may be, does not lie within their sphere; that the teaching of trades, however useful, is not the work for which school funds are appropriated, there is no argument against industrial training as a means of education. Education, indeed, which means the development of all the powers, cannot truly be, without some training of the eye and hand. While a single power lies entirely dormant there is no true education.

Men and women are educated, not when they know a certain number of facts, but when they can at will, by the free exercise of their own powers, gain access to all knowledges and use them. Not less the reasoning than the mnemonic powers must be developed, and not less the power of expression than of thought. Utterance, indeed, is the royal power by which the mind perfects its acquisitions and makes them useful. It has four methods: the spoken word, the written thought, the idea indicated in outline and color by the pencil, or expressed in form by the hand. Speaking, writing, drawing, modeling, are the four servants of the thought, and the thought needs them all. These are divine inspirations which the most eloquent speaker, the most gifted writer, is powerless to express. Ampère called the obelisk on the Place de la Concorde "a word in granite"; and surely there is a thought expressed in that upspringing shaft which the lips could never utter.

De Quincey taught, and Principal Tulloch lately reminded us, that knowledge and all art exist only on the condition of imparting their best things to others; and we know that we do not even see things truly till we have learned to reproduce in form and color what we have seen: It is, therefore, not the exigencies of the moment, urgent as they are; nor the claim of innocence upon virtue, imperative as that is; nor the danger of poverty to wealth, deadly as it threatens to be; but the very necessities of human nature, which ask that manual instruction be incorporated with every system of education, in order that it may truly educate.

AMERICAN LITERARY STYLE.

NOW and then the pessimist arises to descant upon the inferiority of American literature, or art, or what not, and he is sure to awake a chorus of sympathetic responses. It is said that our literature is deteriorating, or, rather—for the attack is directed against form rather than substance—that a graceful literary style is rarely possessed by an American writer. It is urged that the magazine writers of the day are specialists, men more concerned with what they have to say than how to say it. Being thoroughly saturated with their subject, they are eager to set forth as much information as possible in the most direct and forcible language. Such comments have been called out by Mr. Howells's praise of the simple unconsciousness of General Grant's Memoirs, and his suggestion that, in its literary quality, the book might be a forerunner of a distinctively American literary style. To this, objectors answer that no account is taken of imagination, of poetic feeling, of witty, neatly balanced phrases and polished sentences; in short, that a premium is put upon the bluntness of the specialist. And they point out, also, the prevalence of slipshod sentences and clumsy writing, in our periodicals, which, according to these critics, are written little better than the daily newspapers.

If the reason for these criticisms could not be easily understood, they might readily be regarded as important, for they have some slight foundation in truth. This reason is simply the prominence given in several magazines to "star" or special contributors. Under its present management, the *North American Review* began a system of obtaining "timely" articles from Generals, Senators, Judges, and other public men, whose names were well-known, but to whom literary work was entirely unfamiliar. The attention excited by the names and "timely topics" was all that magazine managers asked. Literary style was not required. The *Century*, in its series of "War Papers," has been compelled to rely upon specialists who were much better acquainted with the sword than with the pen. Other magazines have pursued a similar policy. The prominence given this class of contributions has naturally attracted the disparaging observation of critics of style. But the point which these critics overlook is that writing of this kind forms, after all, only a portion of our periodical literature, and that, in addition to it, there is a large and steadily increasing amount of really good literary work. The narrative of a brave General, who alone can give an authoritative account of a battle, but who murders the King's English in doing it, is followed by a story, poem, essay or descriptive article, showing a practiced touch and invested with literary charm. Take the long list of our professional litterateurs, and surely no candid person will complain that we have a lack of accomplished writers. It is not so much for crudity as for consciousness, and an incessant striving for smartness, for the brilliant or epigrammatic, that our writers need to be criticised. Of genius, which, according to the placidly egotistical Mr. Howells, does not exist, we have not a present supply; but it is safe to say that there has never been a time in this country when there was so much good, and oftentimes really finished and graceful, writing, as at present.

THE IRISH QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

THE debates in the British Parliament during the past week were not marked by any special incidents. All the proposed amendments to the Address, including that of Mr. Sexton concerning the Belfast riots, were rejected by decisive majorities, and the Address itself was finally agreed to without a discussion. During the debate the grievances of the Scotch Crofters were strongly presented by several speakers, and the disturbances of Ireland were directly at-

tributed, by Sir William Vernon Harcourt and others, to the conduct of Lord Randolph Churchill, whose addresses had stirred up the passions of the people. A motion that precedence be given to the Supply Bills was supplemented by an amendment that measures for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland should first receive attention; and this is still under discussion. The advanced Gladstonians have determined to form a forward and aggressive policy, and it is obvious that the Home Rule struggle is to be vigorously maintained. It is announced in this connection that prominent Radical members of the House of Commons, with the assistance of the Parnellites, have matured a scheme for a vigorous Home Rule campaign during the Parliamentary recess by means of pamphlets and lectures, in which the good results of self-government in the colonies will be referred to as increasing their loyalty; and the land question, eviction horrors, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, etc., discussed. Arrangements are also being made for several popular meetings. There is an increasing unrest in Ireland, and outrages are becoming more common. General Sir Redvers Buller, who has established himself in Kerry, announces that he will not assist in evictions. "My work," he says, "will be simply to repress moonlighters, and insure the safety of life and property. I propose to effect this by means of flying patrols, who shall be able to communicate speedily with a regularly organized system of supports." Mr. Gladstone is still enjoying his rest abroad.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF THE CHURCH.

THERE are not a few persons—though their number is not, we believe, so large as some would have us believe—who are opposed to the Christian Church. Their opposition includes all denominations and sects. The grounds of their antagonism are diverse, rational, social and practical. Those who occupy this position do not, we think, give full justice to the Church as a philanthropic institution. For, apart from all theological bearings, the Church, Protestant and Catholic, is the greatest charitable institution of the world. The Church of the first centuries following the birth of its Founder was distinguished for its widespread and efficient work of benevolence. Never was the Church more eminent, more wise or more energetic in all those endeavors which are embodied in the word philanthropy, than it is to-day.

The charities which any one of the principal churches of the City of New York administers each year, in Summer as well as in Winter, represent thousands of dollars, and a care, patience and laborious toil in individual effort which are worth more than money. Several of our daily contemporaries are inclined to parade their endeavors in behalf of the laboring-man, working-girl and tenement-house children, through fresh-air funds and Sunday excursions; but there are many churches in Brooklyn and New York, each of which does manifold more for the relief of suffering and the alleviation of distress than any one of the rather vain-glorious daily newspapers. Cooking-schools, sewing-schools, reading-rooms and libraries, evening schools for instruction in ordinary branches of learning, visitation of the poor in their own homes, dispensaries—all these and other philanthropic agencies are employed by our churches. In England and London the administration of aid is intrusted to the churches more completely than with us. The philanthropic work which the Established churches of the metropolis achieve is marvelous. The labor, too, of such dissenting bodies as Spurgeon's Tabernacle includes scores of laborers and involves the expenditure of thousands of pounds.

We are also inclined to believe that many of the agencies and instruments which have no organized relation with the Church are in no small degree equipped and manned by those who are the supporters of the Church. We would do no injustice to the work of such noble philanthropists and ethical teachers as Mr. Adler. Mr. Adler's plan and work are wise, and in every way known to us excellent; but the exceptional character of this endeavor illustrates how completely the philanthropies of our time and of our cities are embraced in the administration of the Church and in the interest of its adherents. The visitors in the Associated Churches, organizations now found in all our principal cities, are mainly members of churches. The money which supports the free dispensaries and sewing-schools, and similar agencies, given in no small degree by those whose names are found on partial registers. We have no desire to defend the Church from charges which are well-founded; but at this season of the year no one, either infidel or agnostic, should forget its great philanthropic and charitable purpose and endeavor.

An interesting question has arisen in connection with the recent calamity at Charleston, namely, whether the fire insurance companies are liable for losses occasioned by fires caused by the earthquake. While many policies provide for fires followed by explosions, none have any provisions concerning fires proceeding from earthquake shocks; and the probability is that companies generally will stick to the letter of the policies. Should these disturbances increase in frequency, it is likely that policies will be devised especially designed to cover losses by earthquakes. The matter is certainly of sufficient importance to demand the attention of the public, if not of individuals.

At a conference of Greenbackers, Knights of Labor and Grangers, held in Chicago last week, steps were taken for the formation of an industrial party, to be composed of members of the organizations named and of trades-unionists and temperance reformers. The declaration of principles adopted by the conference denounces existing parties as the supporters of cabals, rings and corporations; charges that the national system of finance is pernicious, "reducing the laboring-man to hopeless poverty and slavish dependence"; and urges all patriotic citizens to unite in an effort for the overthrow of the "oppressive systems" under which they live. A national convention in furtherance of this new movement is to be held at Cincinnati on the 22d of February next. It is not at all improbable that the labor and so-called agricultural organizations of the country may ultimately enter politics as a distinct party; but they can never succeed in making any serious impression upon the public policy so long as they follow the lines heretofore pursued by them in dealing with social and economic questions.

GENERAL EDWARD S. BRAGG, Representative in Congress from the Second Wisconsin District, doesn't appear to deserve the reputation he has enjoyed as an honorable man and clean-handed politician. Recent publications show that two years ago he deliberately entered into a bargain with a rival for the Congressional nomination to give to the latter, in consideration of his support, control of all the Government patronage in one of the counties of the District; and this immoral bargain, it also appears, was carried out until its existence was disclosed to the public, when Bragg coolly repudiated it, and took the distribution of the spoils into his own hands. The publication of the contract which Bragg signed has, very naturally, alienated many of his former political friends, and he has been refused a renomination, although he last week appeared in the Congressional Convention as a delegate, and

personally conducted his own canvass. After all, Rollin M. Squire is not the worst of the political hucksters of his day and generation.

For the encouragement of friends, the discomfort of opponents, and the enlightenment of the more or less indifferent general public, the National Woman Suffrage Association of Massachusetts have a habit of issuing frequent bulletins of progress. For example, their record for the past Summer, during the "silly season" of the heated term, includes the extension of municipal suffrage to women in Manitoba, the admission of women to the New Brunswick University on the same terms and to the same privileges as men, the admission of women to Columbia College examinations with the chance to get an A.B. handle to their names, and a claimed majority of twelve in the new British Parliament in favor of the woman's franchise Bill. All of which denotes progress that must be highly gratifying to the apostles and well-wishers of the cause; but to this list should be added the highly interesting fact, without precedent, we believe, that, during the recent double absence from Washington of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Assistant Secretary of the same office, Miss Minnie S. Cook acted efficiently and satisfactorily as the head of the Indian Office.

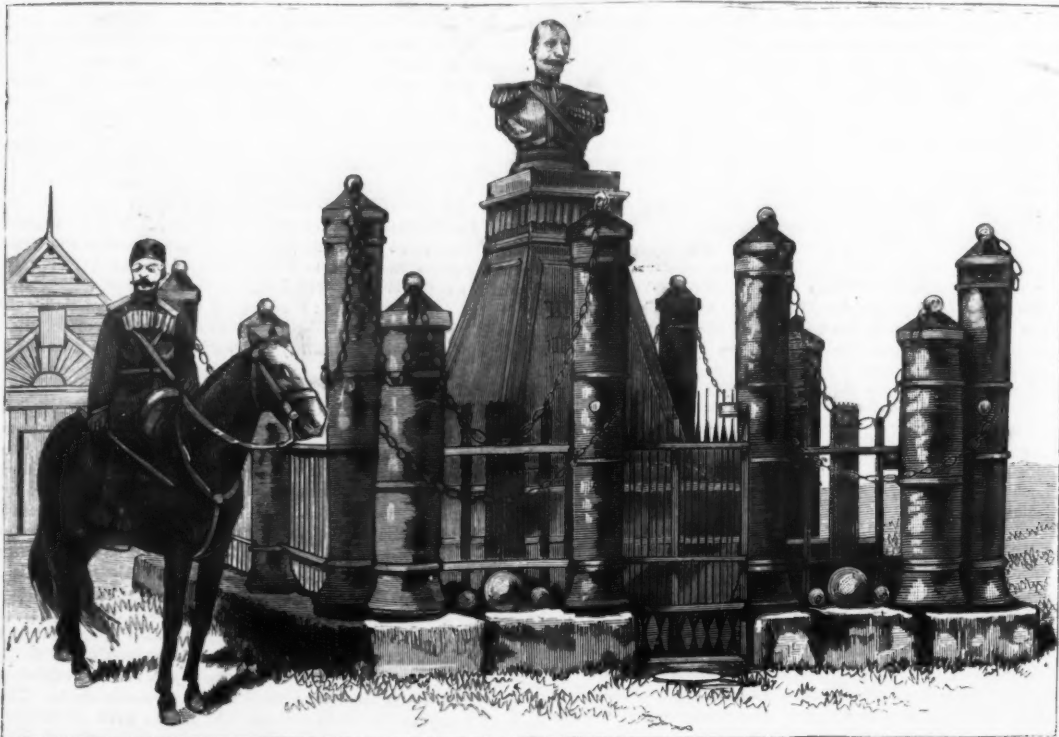
A RECENT writer objects to the law's undue partiality to married women, because they can hold property which the husband cannot touch, they may engage in business without being required to give a penny to the support of family or themselves, and the husband is all the time responsible for any contracts or purchases made by the wife. At first view it would seem that married women are an extraordinarily privileged class. But the simple fact is, that the female needs extraordinary privileges to place her on a just equality with the stronger and more aggressive male. And the fact is, also, that women do not abuse these privileges. We often hear of husbands who will not support their families, and who even take their wives' scanty earnings for the gratification of their appetites. But we do not hear of wives who neglect their household duties to go into business, decline to contribute to the support of their families and make their husbands responsible for business debts. The facts of everyday life show that married women need all the protection which the law can give them; and in the light of these facts, the critic of women's privileges poses as the discoverer of a particularly unsubstantial mare's-nest.

If Mr. Henry George shall stick to his promise to run for the Mayoralty of New York when a request for the use of his name shall be signed by 30,000 voters, he is quite likely to become an actual candidate for that office. The circulars addressed to organized workmen requesting their signatures have already been signed by more than the designated number of persons, and it is believed that 40,000 can readily be obtained if necessary. In the present confused complication of municipal politics, a candidate who enters the field with 30,000 or 35,000 votes will have something more than a fair chance of success; and we are not surprised that the old party managers are seriously alarmed at the prospect which confronts them. It is possible, indeed, that some of those who now ask Mr. George to be a candidate would fail to vote for him at the polls. Some of the more mercenary leaders already indicate a purpose to favor a "boodle" candidate; but he would no doubt receive enough votes outside of the purely labor organizations to make up for any defections among his present supporters. Mr. George's peculiar theories make him objectionable to very many persons who respect him as a man of high ability and stern, upright character; but worse things might happen to the metropolis than his election to the Mayoralty.

If the average reader were to be asked to name that State of the Union which can show the longest railroad mileage, he would in all probability designate New York or Pennsylvania. But he would be mistaken. Of all the States, Illinois heads the list with 16,904 miles of railway, while far behind come Pennsylvania with 7,767 miles, Iowa with 7,500, New York with 7,385 miles, and Ohio with 7,327 miles. Texas comes next with 6,687 miles. Of all others, Indiana and Michigan alone have over 5,000 miles, while Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas and Minnesota have over 4,000, and Georgia and California have over 3,000. Illinois has a longer railroad mileage than New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland put together; New England as a unit has not more than 6,309 miles of railway. In the amount of capital stock New York is first with \$468,322,777; then follow, in the order named, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, in which States alone the capital stock exceeds \$300,000,000. In bonded debt Pennsylvania stands highest, with \$426,579,204; after her come New York, Ohio and Illinois, each with over \$300,000,000. The surplus of assets over liabilities is highest in Illinois, being \$61,841,913; then follow Maryland with \$47,867,675; California, \$32,152,850; Nebraska, \$31,658,179; Missouri, over \$10,000,000. The surplus of liabilities over assets is largest in Indiana, being \$13,969,395; New York, \$13,376,072; and Georgia, \$9,637,505.

Those in charge of State and County Agricultural Fairs, so called, like the managers of dime museums and circus sideshows, are ever on the alert for new attractions to draw the crowd. The introduction of matrimonial performances, along with the big pumpkins and prize pigs, are not entirely novel, but possess decided "fetching" qualities, so far as the sale of admission tickets is concerned. People have been married on the seashore at sunrise, up in a balloon, and in job lots at fairs. There is one case on record at an agricultural show in Missouri where forty hearts were contemporaneously made to beat as twenty—a score which has never been beaten to date. "All the world," we are told, "loves a lover," and to be logically and humanly consistent, everybody likes to see a wedding ceremony. Appreciating this amiable weakness—if it be a weakness—the Onconta (N. Y.) Agricultural Society have offered a prize of \$20 in gold to the first couple entered for splicing in front of the grand stand on the closing day of the fair during the latter part of the present month. A minister has generously agreed to perform the ceremony without fee or reward, while the merchants of the town, not to be outdone in philanthropy and public spirit, offer a tempting list of presents to the happy bride—whoever she may be—covering a large range of useful and ornamental articles, from a baby-jumper to a bedroom set of furniture. This will do very well, as far as it goes; but if business is thus to be mingled with pleasure, if notoriety is to be wedded to publicity, why would it not be a capital idea for some of these fellows who ride or swim through the Niagara Rapids, or jump from the Brooklyn Bridge, to beat their own records by standing up in front of the grand stand at Onconta, along with the fat woman or bearded lady, or any other professional "freak" of the feminine gender? This act would prove them to be really brave, where they were only foolhardy before; would combine all the attractions of a grand aggregation in the one family, and prove a bonanza to the enterprising County Fair Association.

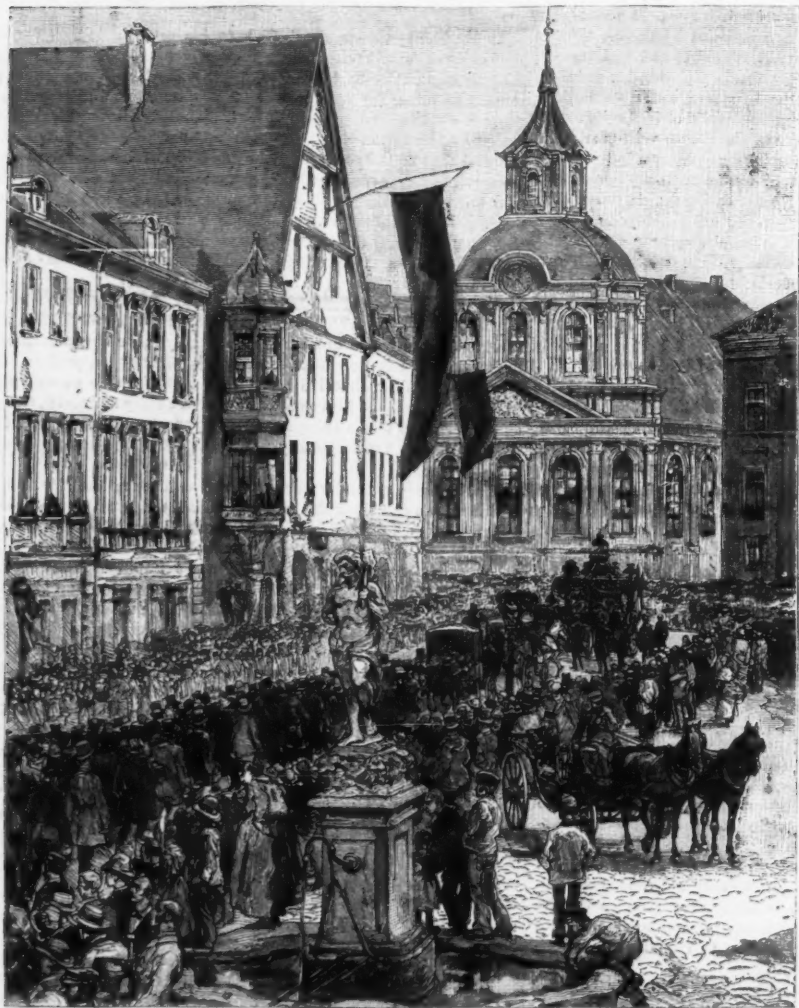
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 54.



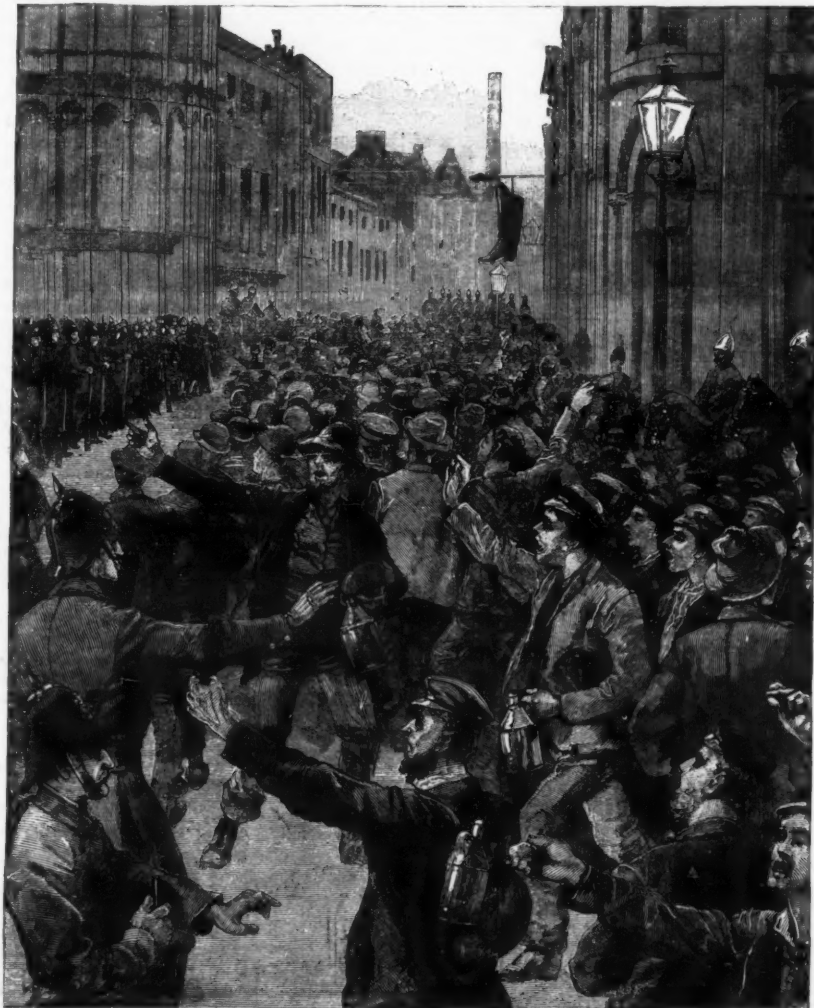
RUSSIA.—MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER II., AT MAMRUK-OGYOY, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CONQUEST OF THE CAUCASUS.



FRANCE.—THE AFRICAN PRINCE DIÓOOLÉ KARAMOKO, NOW IN PARIS.



BAVARIA.—THE FUNERAL OF LISZT, AT BAYREUTH, AUGUST 4TH.



IRELAND.—A SCENE IN NORTH STREET, BELFAST, DURING THE RECENT RIOTS.



FRANCE.—M. CHEVREUL, THE CENTENARIAN CHEMIST.



FRANCE.—THE PRELIMINARY SURVEY ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS, FOR THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1889.



FRANCE.—GENERAL GEORGES BOULANGER,
MINISTER OF WAR.

GENERAL L. S. ROSS,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN ROSS, who was recently nominated unanimously by the Texas Democratic State Convention for the office of Governor, was born in Bentonsport, Ind., September 28th, 1838, but spent his boyhood and early manhood in Texas. At the age of nineteen he entered the Florence Wesleyan College, in North Alabama, where he graduated with honors in the Class of 1858. During his vacation he conceived the idea of going to the frontier on an expedition against the Comanches, who were committing numerous atrocities on the settlers. After reaching the scene of their operations, his regiment had a bloody engagement with the Indians, which resulted in their defeat and the destruction of their villages, the killing of seventy-five of their

number, and the capture of four hundred head of horses. An incident of this expedition was the rescue of a little white girl who had been for some time held in captivity by the Indians. Her parents being unknown, Mr. Ross charged himself with rearing and educating the orphan, sending her to a female seminary, where she proved herself in every way worthy of the care bestowed upon her. She is now the wife of a wealthy merchant of Los Angeles, Cal. While Mr. Ross was victorious in the engagement with the Indians he did not come out unscathed, being badly wounded in the arm by a rifle-ball, and also in the side. He lay upon the battle-field for five days, and afterwards was carried a distance of forty miles, by four men, to the nearest United States Army post, Camp Rodianski. As soon as he recovered, he returned to his studies. In 1859 he was placed in command of the frontier by Governor Sam. Houston, with sixty men under his charge. Having established his post, he proceeded on another expedition against the Comanches, and scored a complete victory, killing and capturing a great number, securing some three hundred horses, and driving the remaining hostiles out of their village. In this battle General Ross recovered from captivity Cynthia Ann Parker, who had been a prisoner over thirty-five years, and who had been taken from her family when nineteen years of age, at the destruction of Parker's Fort, near Grassy. At the breaking out of the late Civil War General Ross resigned his commission and entered the company of Captain Peter F. Ross as a private. He participated in 135 engagements, had seven horses shot under him, and came out of the war a brigadier-general. In 1873 he was elected Sheriff of McLennan County; in 1875 he was elected to the Constitutional Convention; and in 1881 he was elected to the State Senate.

GENERAL GEORGES BOULANGER.

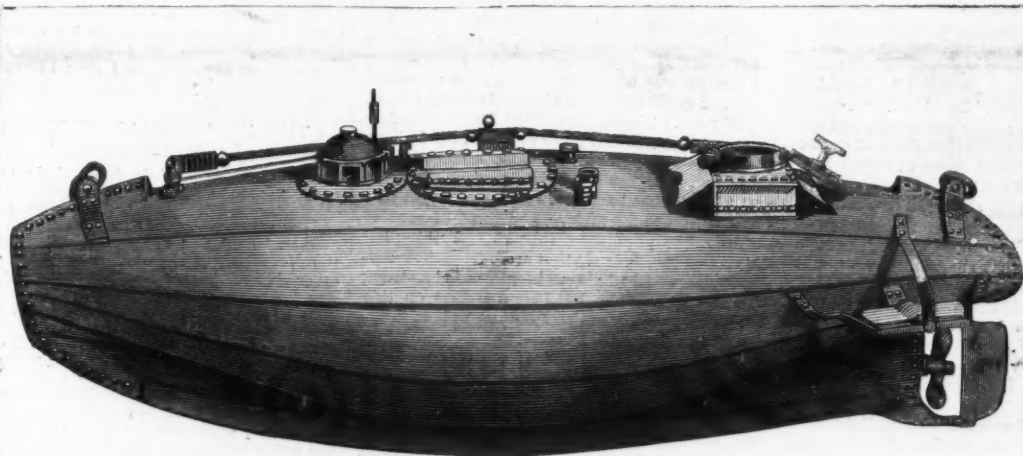
GENERAL GEORGES BOULANGER, French Minister of War, who has recently filled so large a space in the public eye, is not yet fifty years of age, having been born at Rennes, in Brittany, in 1837. After studying in the military school of Saint-Cyr, he was, in 1856, appointed sub-lieutenant in an Algerian regiment, and as such took part in the Kabyle expedition; afterwards serving in Italy, where his gallantry won him a place in the Legion of Honor. In 1861, having become lieutenant, he went with his company to Cochinchina; in 1862 he attained a captaincy; and in 1866 was assigned to the position of drillmaster at Saint-Cyr. Here he remained until the declaration of war against Germany in 1870. He served in the Army of Paris, and became a lieutenant-colonel, participating in the battle of Champigny, where he was badly wounded. For his gallantry on that occasion he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. In January, 1871, he assumed command of his regiment as colonel, being again wounded while at its head, and winning the rare distinction, for so young an



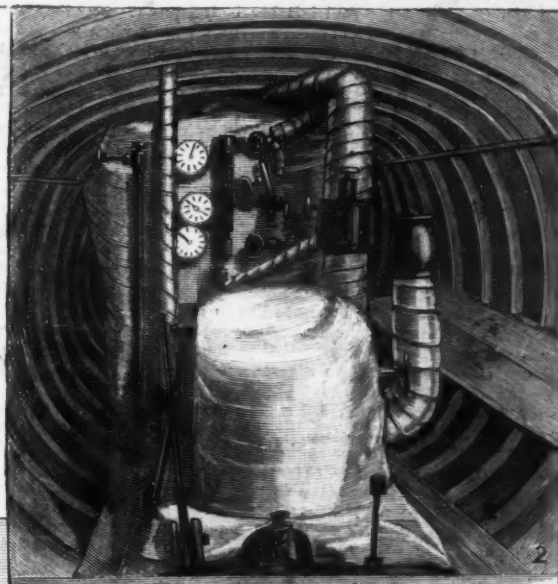
TEXAS.—GENERAL LAWRENCE S. ROSS, DEMOCRATIC
CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY HILLIER.

officer, of Commander of the Legion of Honor. After the war he served in various capacities, finally becoming a brigadier-general in 1880, when, desirous of acquainting himself with the cavalry service, he obtained command of a brigade in the Fourteenth Army Corps. In 1881 he visited this country as a member of the French delegation to take part in the centenary celebration of the battle of Yorktown. Subsequently he took command of his brigade at Lyons, and was soon after made Director of Infantry under the Minister of War. In this position he showed great energy and marked capacity in reforming and improving the military organization. He resigned in 1884, and took command of a division in Africa. At the beginning of the present year he was made Minister of War, and for a time enjoyed exceptional popularity, owing to the zeal and vigor with which he addressed himself to the work of placing the Army on a basis of greater efficiency. Latterly,



1



2



1. The Model. 2. The Engine Room. 3. Making a Plunge.

THE SCIENCE OF SUB-MARINE WARFARE.—THE TORPEDO-MONITOR "PEACEMAKER."
SEE PAGE 54.

however, his eccentricities and somewhat arrogant contempt for the established standards of official propriety have largely diminished his popularity, and his early downfall is by no means improbable. He is undoubtedly a man of great courage and of considerable executive capacity, but he lacks gravity and steadiness of character, and in a great crisis would scarcely prove a safe leader or adviser.

BEREAVEMENT.

I CANNOT make it seem that she is dead: I wake up in the night and call to her—Stretch out my hand to touch her little head. Thinking that in her sleep I heard her stir, And find, alas! that there is nothing there, Where I had thought my child, but empty air.

Upon my breast I often feel her hands, And their warm touches thrill me with swift bliss. "Oh, little child," I cry, "God understands What mothers feel when little ones they kiss!" And put out eager arms to clasp to me—A child of shadows and of memory.

When I forget the silence round the spot Is that strange silence following after death, I hush the boys: "Tread softly—wake her not." They look at me and say with awe-bushed breath, "Why, baby's dead! Did you forget it?" No, But love rebels, and will not have it so.

I feel her presence with me, day and night: Just now, in the still twilight, she was here, I thought, although the child was out of sight—In that room yonder, but so near I heard her laughing in low, childish glee: The sweetest sound earth ever had for me.

I called her to me, and I felt her eyes Upon me, as of old, but could not see Her face, bright with the glory of new skies, And yet I knew that she was near to me, And then the thought came that a mortal's eyes Is ever blind to things of Paradise.

But some day I shall see her as she is: The blindness will be gone, and I shall cry, "Oh, little child, come back to mother's kiss!" And then, oh, then, I think that when I die This thought will make me strong all pain to bear, Heaven's but a step ahead, and she is there!

EDEN E. REXFORD.

A MIDNIGHT SPECTRE.

By FRANCES B. CURRIE.

IN my childhood I experienced what might properly be called a superstitious education. My father was a Spiritualist, who was easily imposed upon by every unprincipled medium and clairvoyant whom he met, and who solemnly believed that he was in direct communication with several individuals who for many years had been in the place of departed spirits. My mother dreamed one night that her soul left her body and wandered through heaven and earth and space without physical incumbrance. She was positive that this was not a dream, but an actual reality, and she never wearied of describing the peculiar sensations she experienced while she was a disembodied spirit. My nurse was a woman who impartially believed in the existence of every horrible and supernatural conception. She had a mind that was rife with stories of imps, ghosts, witches and hobgoblins, and she had a passion for pouring these unwholesome fables into my ears. Certainly my training was an unfortunate one, but until I was twenty-six years old I was never aware that it had made any impression upon my mind.

At the age I have mentioned I went to live in a graveyard, and I offer this circumstance as proof that I was not a nervous or superstitious person. Had I been either, I would have selected a less gruesome dwelling-place.

I do not pretend that I preferred a graveyard to any other place of residence. On the contrary, if I had been questioned on the subject, I would have said that a cemetery was a good enough place for a dead man, but that it was not good enough for a live one; nevertheless there were considerations strong enough to induce me to go there to live.

I knew the sexton of the village church. This man and his good wife lived in a cottage in the cemetery, and they suggested that I should have my board and lodgings under their roof. I was a young barrister then, without much practice or income, and I was obliged to economize. I owned a very large library, and required more room than the hall-bedroom that is the usual habitation of the "single gentleman" in lodging-houses. The sexton offered me two roomy apartments and my board at so low a figure that I was glad to accept his terms.

I had an almost overwhelming desire to save money. Not that I was naturally penurious, but I had a strong incentive in Miss Ethel Hartley. I had been engaged to Miss Hartley for many months, but had not yet been able to offer her a home. All of my energies were devoted to one object—i. e., to earning a home for the woman who was to be my wife. I reflected that my cheap lodgings would help me accomplish this object, and I would have cheerfully consented to live in a charnel-house if by so doing I could have hastened my wedding-day.

It was the sexton's duty to dig the graves, to keep the grounds in order, and to protect them from vandalism. In order to facilitate his labors, his cottage had been built in the middle of the cemetery, and was on a little knoll, from which he could command a view of the surrounding premises. It was built of gray stone, and externally was so like a mausoleum that it would be difficult to distinguish the one from the other. It was certainly not a cheerful place, and the vaults and graves about it gave it an air of lonesome solemnity that I will not attempt to describe.

I had a suspicion that Ethel would disapprove of my removal to the sexton's cottage, so I did not mention the matter to her until all my ar-

rangements had been made. I did not wish to be persuaded to abandon it.

The sexton had assured me that I would find his "a nice, quiet place," where I could read and study without being disturbed by any noise or any visits from my neighbors. He made an effort to be jocose, and assured me that I would "find 'em a heap less troublesome than any other neighbors."

"They don't gossip," he said, "nor argy about politics or religion. They ain't for ever quarrellin' about where their land leaves off and your'n begins. They leaves their fences where they be, and don't try to grab a little of your ground by settin' the line-fence back upon it. They don't come borro'ing your spade nor your wheelbarrow. They ain't werry sociable, may be; but they ask no odds of nobody, and they ain't a-tellin' all they know!"

I was indisposed to be critical of my new quarters. My rooms were large, clean and airy; my food was abundant and wholesome, and mine host and hostess were thoroughly respectable. But there was one thing about the cottage that I seriously disliked, and that was its name. I do not mean its reputation, for that was above reproach; but it had been named "Death's Lodge." I cannot imagine why this name had been given to the only place in the cemetery where Death was not present and where living creatures existed.

As I had feared, Miss Hartley disapproved of the change I had made in my lodgings. I recited all the advantages to be derived from it, but she could not be convinced of the advisability of such a move.

"Your sexton is not the only respectable person who takes lodgers," she insisted, when I gave his good character as one of the reasons why I had entered his house. "There are other landlords as reputable as he."

"I do not dispute that," I answered. "But are there other landlords whose houses are as well kept and whose terms are so moderate? This man lives in a graveyard, Ethel, and he knows there is a popular prejudice against such a habitation as his. He realizes that his rooms must consequently bring low prices. I am not afraid of graves or ghosts, and I mean to profit by the unpopularity of his house."

"Are you quite sure you are not afraid of ghosts?" she asked, with true feminine persistency. "It is quite easy, in this cheerful room and in a house filled with living people, to believe we are without superstition. But will it be so easy, Herbert, in an almost deserted dwelling that is apart from all other human habitations, and that is surrounded by graves? There are dismal stories told of that cemetery, and of the spirits hovering about it. We don't believe in them, and we laugh at them here. But will they appear so ridiculous to you when you are in that dreary place? May they not occur to you most unpleasantly when you are alone some night, and have nothing to look at but those melancholy graves?"

I laughed at her questions. "I am quite certain that I will not be troubled by any fears or imaginings," I told her. "I mean to spend my evenings in work and study, and my nights in sleep. I have no time to think of death, or of anything else that is gloomy and unwelcome. I shall think of life—the life I am going to live with you—of the life that shall well be worth the living."

For a time she said no more about "Death's Lodge," but I noticed that she was nervous, and wanted me to leave her at an early hour. When I asked her banteringly if she was already tired of my society, she confessed that she dreaded having me enter the cemetery after dark. There was something heroic about my little girl. Nothing less than a miracle would have induced her to enter the cemetery at night.

Occasionally she had entered it by daylight, and had been interested in one portion of it that was owned by the Hollanders in our town. When they buried a child there they laid his toys upon his grave, and it was supposed that he occasionally left his melancholy resting-place and came upon earth and amused himself with these playthings, that were placed like offerings before a shrine. One or two of the Dutch settlers had asserted positively that at midnight, on moonlight nights, a group of little Holland ghosts ventured out of their graves and indulged in all sorts of pleasing pastimes. Ethel referred to this superstitious belief rather shamefacedly.

"I don't suppose that you'll ever see a ghost, Herbert," she said; "but you may imagine that you see one, and that will be quite as bad. If you see a white dog in the distance, you may imagine that it is some little Hollander sitting upon his grave and playing at mumblety-peg."

She was smiling now, but I could see that her eyes looked troubled. I fancied that she wished I was safely at home.

"I will take myself off," I said, "although I can see no cause for haste. When you want to frighten me away you must produce a ghost of my own size, for I don't mean to be terrified by any number of little Hollanders nor their game of mumblety-peg."

I took her in my arms then, and bade her good-night.

"Don't find fault with my lodgings," I told her. "They are going to help us procure a home, and afterwards we will be too happy to think of anything that is unwholesome and uncanny."

Months rolled by, and I took considerable credit to myself because I had not been rendered uncomfortable by my dreary surroundings. My appetite was good—to that the sexton's wife could testify—I slept extremely well, and later than had been my custom. The intense morning quiet in the cemetery was in such great contrast with the noise on the street, that I found difficulty in getting awake in time for breakfast. Besides perfect quiet, there was another cause conducive to rest: my

mind was easy about my finances. My practice had greatly increased, and my marriage was no longer an indefinite prospect. Ethel had set the day for our wedding, and our home was in readiness for us.

I had become convinced that I was not a nervous or superstitious person, and that all the ghostly tales that had been told me in childhood had been seed sown upon stony ground. Lately I had been too much absorbed in my plans and prospects to care whether I lived in a graveyard or in the Garden of Eden.

On the evening preceding our wedding-day I staid much later than usual at Ethel's house, for we had a great many final preparations to make before we bade good-by to our old lives and began the new. When I talked of returning to "Death's Lodge" she shuddered.

"I thank Heaven," she said, "that this is the last time you will ever enter that dreary cemetery at night."

"In spite of all your fears and prophecies," I said, "no evil has befallen me in the months of my residence here. No wraiths or ghosts have condescended to visit me, and even the little Hollanders have given up jackstraws and mumblety-peg, and refuse to appear."

"You have never uttered a complaint against the Lodge," she said, "and I ought to have a little grateful sentiment towards it, since it has enabled us to be married sooner than it would have been possible, if you had not gone there to live. But, Herbert, how could any living creature grow sentimental over a house that is called 'Death's Lodge'?"

I made no effort to answer the question. My thoughts were dwelling tenderly upon the future (our future) that would open to us the morrow. I took her in my arms, and reminded her that it was the last time I would say good-by to Ethel Hartley. To-morrow she would be Mrs. Herbert Grant. When I left her it was nearly midnight, and the moonlight was as brilliant as if November had arrived, instead of September.

I took a short cut through the cemetery, and my way lay through the part that belonged to the Hollanders. It occurred to me that the hour was near when they were said to appear. I smiled at the thought, and trudged bravely on through the rank, overgrown grass that was heavy with dew. I compared myself to the plowman in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "who homeward plods his weary way," and I mentally repeated an appropriate stanza or two from that remarkable poem:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Continuing on my way, I noticed that I was approaching a new-made grave, and I wondered who had been buried there. While I was wondering I witnessed a sight that almost caused my heart to cease its beating. I saw a head rise slowly out of the grave and stop above it. I stood motionless for a moment, while my eyes were fixed upon this object. I could see that a ghastly face was turned towards me. Then I forgot that I was not superstitious. I forgot that I had ridiculed my father's spiritualistic doctrines, my mother's disembodied spirit, and my nurse's stories of wraiths. I forgot that I had laughed at Ethel's fears. I forgot that I had been willing to face any ghost of my size that could be produced. I forgot everything but the staring countenance that arose from that new-made grave. I had always been counted a strong man and courageous, but I confess that on this occasion I was very weak. I did not wait to interview the apparition. I turned like a coward, and ran from it with all the blind fleetness of fear.

I had not run far when I was brought to a full and sudden stop. I had run against a tombstone with such violence that I was thrown backward upon the ground. I sprang to my feet, although I was bruised from my fall, and looked back to see what had become of the apparition. It was not in sight. I could see the newly filled grave distinctly in the moonlight, and it appeared undisturbed. No dishevelled head protruded from it, and no haggard face contemplated me from its ghastly depths.

For some minutes I stood thinking of what I had seen, and was undecided whether to advance or to retrace my steps. I confess that I was tempted to leave the graveyard to sleep that night at the village inn. But upon reflection I decided that this would be a foolish proceeding. I had still some effects at the Lodge, which I would have to pack and carry with me on the morrow.

I thought of making a wide detour around the new grave, but I did not like to be driven out of my path by an intangible thing that I did not understand. I began to have a suspicion that I was the victim of a practical joke, or of an optical delusion. I resolved to continue in my former path, and to force myself to pass very close by the new grave. I further resolved that I would never tell Ethel that her prophecies concerning my superstition had come true.

I fixed my eyes upon the grave, and went slowly towards it. Even after all this deliberation my heart beat furiously, and my head swam until I could scarcely control my movements. My nerves were most painfully alive to my melancholy surroundings. But I went forward until I was within twenty paces of the grave. Then I stopped, for slowly and mysteriously rose up that horrible head that had driven me back before. It came, as before, out of the grave. I saw its ashen countenance, its sunken eyes, its wild, dishevelled hair, and I could not face it. I turned and ran again, over graves and stones and hedges, until again I fell. This time I stumbled over a spade that the sexton had doubtless dropped and forgotten. When I regained my feet, I looked back and saw the moonlight, the rank, wet grass, and the new grave; but the ghost, or man, or devil—which ever he might be—was invisible. He had doubt-

less gone down into his grave again, in the same silent and weirdlike manner in which he had risen from it.

Should I turn my back for ever on this uncanny place? Should I go to the inn and send for my goods at "Death's Lodge," trusting that the sexton's good wife would pack them? Should I leave everything here, and encourage a fear that had twice already mastered me?

After a time I thought I would go forward. "If I do," I thought, "I may yet find an explanation of this mystery. If I turn back, I will always believe that I have seen a ghost."

There was a carriage-track through the cemetery that ran very close to the grave from which the apparition had appeared, and I resolved now to take this in preference to walking over the grass, as I had previously done. I had lost confidence in myself, and thought it possible that I would run away once more, if the apparition again appeared. I realized that the carriage-road would afford me less perilous footing. If I ran I would be in no danger of striking against gravestones.

I took another precaution against danger. I picked up a stone and carried it with me. It did not occur to me then that it would be a curious weapon to use against a disembodied spirit.

I had approached the grave before at its side, but my new course brought me close to its foot. As I came very near, I saw, what I had not imagined before, that a man was lying on the ground beside the grave. He was on the opposite side from that on which I had made my former approach. As he heard my footsteps he arose to a sitting posture; his head rising a little above the grave. I realized the situation at once. From my former approach, I had been deceived into supposing that his head arose from the grave, when in reality it appeared from the side opposite to which I had been standing. When I had run away, the man had resumed his former reclining position. I decided that he was not a ghost, but some tramp who had wandered into the graveyard in quest of a quiet place to sleep.

I would have left him to resume his slumbers but for an accident. As I started to go I saw him cast his body across the grave, while he uttered a cry that made my blood turn chill. I knew by the sound that he was insane, and I feared he was dying. I ran into the house and called the sexton. We two managed to get the wretched creature into the Lodge. We watched at his bedside until morning, when he died. I learned that his wife had been killed three days before by being thrown from her horse, and the shock of hearing of her sudden death had dethroned his reason. The unhappy husband had stolen into the cemetery and lain down to die beside her grave.

I have never told Ethel the story of my fright. At first our marriage and our interest in our new home put it out of my mind. Later, I did not wish to recall it, for the wretched madman aroused all the compassion in my nature. Now that I have written the story, she may read it, and see how superstitious I once became.

THE NEW SUBMARINE MONITOR, "PEACEMAKER."

"PEACEMAKER" is the grimly suggestive name given to Professor Tuck's new submarine monitor and torpedo-boat, illustrated on page 53. She is 30 feet long, with 7½ feet depth of hold and 8½ feet beam. The lines of the lower half of the hull are not unlike those of other boats. The deck has a sloping surface. The boat is constructed of iron and steel. The pilot looks out through a dome 1 foot high and 14 inches in diameter, with narrow slot lights on each side through which he can see in all directions. This dome is well forward; near the stern is the turret hatchway, the only entrance into the vessel. Horizontal rudders on the sides near the stern cause the boat to ascend or descend at the will of the pilot, and a common rudder back of the screw guides her laterally. Water-tanks that can be filled and emptied in short order lower and raise the monitor vertically without the use of the rudders. By a chemical device the air in the hold may be purified, and Professor J. H. L. Tuck, the inventor of the boat, claims that the crew might remain in her for several days without a fresh supply. Pipes to store compressed air, however, are provided for ordinary use.

Though all its parts are protected by patents, the most jealously guarded secret of the *Peacemaker* is her motive power—the chief problem to be solved in the construction of such craft. The power is obtained through some chemical composition of which caustic soda is an important factor, and by a purification process, it is asserted, the same "fuel" may be used over and over again. The distinguishing advantage of the boat, it is claimed, consists in the ease with which its captain can sail under an enemy and by a device in the roof release dynamite torpedoes at will, controlling their discharge by an electric wire when they have been lodged under the enemy's keel.

The *Peacemaker* has made several successful trial-trips, sailing as well under as above water. She has descended to the bottom of the Hudson, and makes fifteen miles an hour while submerged from twenty to thirty feet.

Recently the crew took the boat fifty feet under water and came to the surface without her. She was raised by a derrick. They did this to show that if everything else failed those on board could still escape unharmed.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

DIACOLÉ KARAMOKO, AN AFRICAN PRINCE.

Prince Diacolé Karamoko, son of the native sovereign of the Upper Niger, has been the recipient of numerous attentions, official and popular, during his visit to Paris. He is accompanied by a suite of Senegal dignitaries of his own race. Prince Karamoko's mission is in connection with the recent conflict between the negroes and the French troops at the advanced posts in Senegal, of which an illustration was given in this paper last May. A treaty of peace and alliance has since been signed, securing great advantages to French commerce; and in proof of his good faith the

African ruler sends his son and two Ministers to the French capital. The Prince, who is seventeen years old, and a devout Mohammedan, is meanwhile carefully guarded by his mentors against the seductions of the gay city.

MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER II. IN THE CAUCASUS.

In 1861, when the Russian army was fighting against the Tchorkassians for the possession of the Caucasus, Czar Alexander II. visited his army in the field at a place called Mamruk-Ogoy, near which now is situated the Czar's Village. In memory of that visit in that place there has been erected a monument which bears the following inscription: "On September 15th, 1861, on this place, the Emperor finally approved the plan of conquering the Western Caucasus." "In 1864 the will of the Emperor was fulfilled—the Caucasus was conquered."

THE OBSEQUIES OF FRANZ LISZT.

The funeral of Franz Liszt, which took place on the 4th ult., and which has already been described in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is illustrated this week by an engraving which shows the picturesque cortege passing through the streets of Bayreuth. Pupils of Liszt bore torches; a servant carried the master's numerous decorations and other artistic trophies, displayed upon a cushion; while all the artists of the Wagner Theatre followed the coffin to the cemetery. It is probable that Liszt will not rest permanently in that peaceful ground, as several other places claim with better right the remains of the celebrated musician.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

A characteristic scene of the Belfast religious riots, which raged their worst during the first week of August, but which an overwhelming military force has subdued for the time being, is represented in our picture. It is the march of the "Islandmen," or Protestant ship-carpenters and ironworkers, through North Street, in the Roman Catholic district. They are returning home from work on "the Island," guarded by troops and constabulary. Fierced fights between this Island faction and the Catholics occurred on the 6th, 7th, and 8th ult. The shipwrights returned and invaded the Catholic district, using stones and iron bolts as missiles. The constabulary used their rifles in dispersing the mob. Two or three persons, including one woman, were thus killed on the first night of the riots.

MICHEL EUGÈNE CHEVREUL.

While the world is talking about Lesseps, Pasteur and Boulangier, another great Frenchman steps modestly forth from his laboratory to receive the congratulations of the world. This is M. Michel Eugène Chevreul, the eminent chemist, who on the 31st ult. celebrated his hundredth birthday. Von Ranke, the German historian, who had passed his nineteenth birthday, and was yet busily at work on his "Universal History," when death put an end to his labors a short time since, was justly regarded as a remarkable example of long-lived activity. But what shall we say of Chevreul, who enters upon his second century of life with hand and brain still at work, experimenting in his laboratory, regarding every operation with the same interest and as full of possibilities as those of his youth, nearly three generations ago! In olden time he would have been regarded not merely as a chemist, but a wizard alchemist, who had discovered the secret of everlasting life. M. Chevreul was born at Angers, August 31st, 1786, and at an early age made himself known in the scientific world by a variety of researches and writings. He has been an industrious and eminent partaker in the chemical work of the century, figuring as a rising *savant* in the era made illustrious by Davy, Faraday, Dalton and Thomson. He spent years in examining the chemical composition of animal bodies, and many familiar words in the vocabulary of science, such as "margarine," "stearine," "oleic acid," "butyric acid," etc., are of his coining.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Two weeks ago, as our readers will remember, we published a portrait of M. Alphand, Director-general of the works for the Paris Exposition of 1889. In the present number is shown the beginning of these works, actually in progress, consisting of preliminary surveys on the Champ de Mars. M. Lockroy, Minister of Commerce and Industry, is the Commissary-general of the Exposition.

CRIME IN FRANCE.

Judging from the statistical information conveyed in the recently published annual report of the French Minister of Justice, it is apparent that the moral condition of France is not improving. This is more noteworthy in view of the fact that probably in no other country is the detective system so complete and efficient, crime more certain to be discovered, or more surely punished.

The report compares the years 1882, 1883 and 1884, with the result that, while 1883 was worst in the matter of murderous assaults, fraudulent bankruptcies and infanticides, 1884 took the lead in cases of parricide and assassination. The total number of cases tried before the Cour d'Assises in 1884 was 4,277, which represents an average of 11 for every 100,000 of the population of the country. The proportion of crime prevailing in Paris and its environs was 21 per 100,000; in Normandy, 22; Corsica, 23; Nice and vicinity, 24; and in the Alps Maritimes, containing a large Italian population, 27, the highest ratio of all. In the Basque provinces, with their excitable Celtic inhabitants, the rate was 3, the lowest of all. Noticeable facts in connection with jury trials in France, as shown in the report, are, that crimes against persons were more leniently dealt with than those attacking the rights of property; also, that jurors upheld the reputation of the nation for chivalrous treatment of women, by granting verdicts of acquittal in forty-seven per cent. of the cases against them, whereas men were only favored at the rate of twenty-five per cent. Those less serious offenses which come under the category of correctional crimes, which are not tried by a jury, are also steadily on the increase in France, the figures being 173,000 in 1882, 180,000 in 1883, and 185,000 in 1884. This increase is still more significant, and becomes symptomatic of a less prosperous state of the country, when it is known that it has taken place among beggars and vagrants. Though the correctional magistrates allow but few to escape, they rarely have inflicted the maximum punishment permitted by the law, giving less than a year's imprisonment in 120,000 cases, and longer than a year in only 6,000 cases. Persons convicted of misdemeanors in France, though allowed the privilege of appeal, but rarely avail themselves of the right, as the original judgment of the court

is almost invariably affirmed, and in not a few instances the result of an appeal is increase in the severity of the original sentence.

Although there is still much need of reform in the *modus operandi* of French criminal jurisprudence (especially in the extreme eagerness of the courts to secure a conviction, in accordance with their principle of procedure, which assumes the guilt of prisoners until they prove their innocence), there is a great improvement observable in the manner in which preliminary examinations are conducted, and the French magistrates now abridge, as much as possible, the period of detention preceding trial, and resort less frequently than heretofore to cruel methods in extorting confessions of guilt.

In his report, the Minister treats at some length the question of "backsliders," or the relapse into crime of persons who have been punished, or supposed to have been reformed, and the view he takes of it is very gloomy indeed. The results for 1884 were far from being encouraging, as cases of genuine reformation were so exceptional as to leave "backsliding" almost invariably the rule. They have, however, now a law in France which provides for the perpetual expatriation of confirmed backsliders—*récidivistes*—and which, if properly enforced, can scarcely fail to have a salutary effect. The Minister admits that, after all that France has done to suppress crime and to punish and reclaim the criminal, the result has been very unsatisfactory in restraining evildoers, or in improving the tone of public morals.

In the matter of divorces, the report shows that the public during 1884 did not regard the marriage relationship as being more sacred than during the two years preceding. One thousand six hundred and fifty-seven divorces and 2,821 judicial separations were granted in France in the year stated, which, compared with the number of marriages, 289,555, during the same time, gives a ratio of 15 divorces to every 1,000 marriages—a ratio for the country at large, which, though high, is far exceeded in Paris and its environs, where the inclination to seek divorces is much more prevalent than in the provincial cities and towns and in the rural districts.

A CLOUD OF BUTTERFLIES.

ONE of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the Isthmus of Panama. Where they come from, or whither they go no one knows, and though many distinguished naturalists have attempted to solve the problem, it is still as strange a mystery as it was to the first European traveler who observed it. Towards the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered flitting out to sea, and as the days go by the numbers increase, until about the 14th or 15th of July the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects. Viewed from a distance, or through a telescope, the spectacle is indescribably wonderful. As the sun shines on the millions of swiftly fluttering wings the result is a glistening and pulsating haze of golden green. When the wind drives them to the earth they can be caught in handfuls. Swallows and flycatchers single out the largest and chase them, often for miles. On being examined the butterfly is found to be of the beautiful *Urania leilus* species. Its wings are of velvety black and bronze and golden green. Occasionally it is seen to settle on branches of trees and flowers before leaving land altogether. But in spite of the most active exertions of naturalists, the origin and destination of the insects are absolutely unknown.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL SINKING.

A LETTER from Venice says: "In spite of all partial repair, St. Mark's Cathedral (Venice) is slowly sinking into the mud of the lagoons, the tide ebbs and flows upon the great dome, and yesterday I saw the water standing on the floor of the crypt, which was walled in and cemented only a few years ago, it was hoped impermeable. The earth on which the church stands is being slowly washed out by the flow and ebb, and the foundations of the church are unequally subsiding. The old piers of the first church, which are under the nave and transept, bearing no weight, do not sink equally, and are lifting the floor into waves, which make it perilous walking on it, and which are increasing perceptibly, it seems to me. Nothing can stop this but the sinking around the entire church of a solid, impermeable wall to keep out the salt water, within which the foundations may be made as stable as the site will permit; or the inner face of the foundations must be laid bare and the entire area of the church must be excavated and similarly treated, after which the floor-level may be restored and the pavement, with its invaluable decorative designs, rescued from the destruction it is now undergoing. In many places mosaics are already effaced under the tread of visitors' feet; the people who stigmatized the restorer of those which have been preserved being among the most eager to denounce any attempt to preserve them by the only means which will suffice—i. e., copying them in solid workmanship while enough of the original remains to follow the design. This is in some places already impossible, but most of the patterns are still practically complete."

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF BERLIN.

A BERLIN correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes: "The semi-annual report of the Census Bureau, just issued, develops a peculiar picture of the social, economical and religious life of Berlin. Out of a population of 1,200,000, more than 150,000 are receiving public charity. In 1870 ten per cent. of the population lived in cellars and twenty-five per cent. in crowded apartments. Since then the population of Berlin has been nearly doubled, and rents have increased greatly, so that the poor are compelled to pay nearly half their earnings for decent shelter. In summer, great numbers are forced to sleep out of doors. The danger of going through the streets unarmed, which existed after the Franco-German War, has subsided with severe treatment of the rowdy element, but petty riots and conflicts with the police are still frequent. "More than half the population of Berlin are workpeople, and the city has become the centre of the socialistic movement. The opportunities for the suppression of Socialism are certainly more favorable here than they are in the United States. Bismarck has tried the enactment of severe laws against the Socialists, and almost every month witnesses a conviction of some of the extremists. But it may be gravely questioned whether these prosecutions have not strengthened the social democrats. Hostile factions have been united into one compact party, and the convicted

men are posing as martyrs, and actually feel themselves such, which is a great source of strength to their cause. There can be no doubt that the vigorous campaign of Bismarck against the Socialists has made propaganda for them and drawn to them the sympathies of well-meaning people. Many of the workmen here openly favor community of wives. Divorces have increased to fifteen per cent. of the number of marriages solemnized. The attendance at the churches has decreased to two per cent. of the adult population, and of 48,000 funerals last year, nearly 30,000 were performed without any religious ceremony whatever.

Women flock by thousands to the city to obtain employment, and, failing to get what they want, large numbers fall and are lost. This evil has become so great that strenuous efforts are being made to avert it. The law of consent has already been raised in a similar way as it was done in New York and in England. Lodging-houses and benevolent institutions have been established to aid workingwomen, and a society of ladies has been formed, charged with protecting, sustaining, and counseling women up to the age of thirty-five. But much remains to be done in that line."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PAPER roofs, which are fireproof and give promise of almost indefinite durability, are now made.

It is a great mistake to clean brass articles with acid, as they very soon become dull after such treatment. Sweet oil and putty powder, followed by soap and water, is one of the best mediums for brightening brass and copper.

AN incandescent lamp which requires no vacuum in the globe has been invented in Germany. The wire used is a mixture of conducting and non-conducting elements, the latter preventing the former from melting.

THE temperatures at which the common gases become liquefied are given as follows by Professor Dewar, the numbers expressing degrees below zero Fahrenheit: Carbonic acid, 112°; nitrous oxide, 130°; ethylene, the chief illuminating constituent of common coal gas, 154°; oxygen, 299°; nitrogen, 232°; air, 314°; carbonic oxide, 315½°.

GERMAN photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight, and some of these photographs show the head of condensed air which precedes every shot. It is said to be this "head" which prevents even skillful riflemen from hitting an empty egg-shell when hung on a long thread. The air blows the shell out of the way of the bullet.

THE Norwegian Meteorological Institution of Christiania has adopted an ingenious plan for disseminating its weather reports among the farmers, fishermen, etc. Thus, on the brake of every train departing from the capital to any part of the country after three p. m., a signal is exhibited indicating the weather to be expected for the ensuing twenty-four hours. These signals are very simple, consisting of red and white triangles, squares, and balls, each of which, or several combined, have their meaning; a white ball, for instance, "Fine weather," etc. These signals will also be displayed from the masts of several coasting steamers. The arrangement is in force from July 1st to October 1st.

A PROPOSED method for making window-glass by rolling instead of blowing, has been described recently in the *Pittsburg* papers, and commented upon at some length. Though the description of the process is not very clear, it would seem as if the intention of the inventor is to run the molten glass as it comes from the pot between two hollow reversible rolls heated with natural gas by pipes full of perforations placed on the inside of the rolls. As the rolled glass passes through the rolls it is received on the opposite side on an iron plate, also heated, from which it is passed into the annealing furnace. It is claimed that by this process a glass of uniform thickness and polish ready for the sash can be made.

A METHOD of sending a picture by telegraph has been invented by a Scotchman, W. Gemmill, by which a photograph taken at one end of a wire is transmitted and reproduced at the other. The picture is primarily projected on a selenium cell placed in the telegraphic circuit, which, according to the degree of intensity of the light received, acts upon the current, and through it a number of subsidiary currents connected with an incandescent lamp, illuminating it with varied degrees of intensity consonant with the strength of the current. "These successive illuminations," according to the *Photographic Times*, "would give images of corresponding brightness to the points of the picture thrown upon the selenium cell, and the final picture, of course, would consist of a series of these points in various depths of shade."

THE use of asphaltum in building is stated to be largely increasing, principally as a prevention against damp cellar-walls and underground masonry work, costing for cisterns, etc. The usual method of applying it is to reduce to a semi-liquid state, in a large iron pot, over a good fire, sufficient asphalt to about two-thirds fill the pot, care being taken that the flame does not rise over the top of the pot and ignite the asphalt. The wall is made as dry as possible, and the joints somewhat rough, to admit of the asphalt penetrating the pores and securing a hold; the wall is then covered with asphalt, applied with a long-handled brush, while the material is hot, and brushed in well—a coating one-half inch thick being as perfect a protective as a thicker one. A barrel of asphalt as found in the market, heated and applied to vertical walls of brick, will ordinarily cover about 250 square feet of surface, and produce most lasting results.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 29TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Harold Dollner, well known in business and financial circles, aged 81 years; in Cleveland, O., Judge Rufus, aged 88 years; in Philadelphia, Joseph E. Temple, philanthropist, August 30th.—In White Plains, N. Y., General Ferris Jacobs, Jr., aged 50 years; in Framingham, Mass., General George H. Gordon, aged 61 years; in Waukesha, Wis., Rev. Alexander Drysdale, of New Orleans, Bishop-elect of the Eastern (M.) Episcopate, aged 50 years; in Jewett City, Conn., Rev. T. L. Shipman, a patriarch of the Congregational Church, aged 88 years. September 2d.—In Westport, Mass., Colonel Francis S. Lee, of Boston; at Water Mill, L. I., Mrs. Louise Sanderson Ayres, of New York; at Bar Harbor, Me., Dr. Charles D. Romans, of Boston, aged 60 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for an international exhibition in Shanghai, China, in 1888.

The reduction of the public debt during the month of August amounted to \$1,910,699.

The deciding heat of the international sculling sweepstakes race on the River Thames, London, last week, was won by William Branch, of Australia, champion of the world.

The Surrogate of New York has sustained the will of the late Jesse Hoyt, which was contested by his daughter, and the estate of \$7,000,000 will now be divided as the testator wished it.

The three Anarchists recently arrested in Chicago for threatening the jurymen who condemned their fellows have been set at liberty, the witnesses being afraid to testify against them.

It is said that of 9,000 miles of disputed boundary, the Afghan Commission has conceded 7,000 to Russia and 2,000 to the Amir of Afghanistan. It is proposed to submit the Khorasani question to arbitration.

THE total number of paupers in London relieved in the first week of August was \$6,549, of whom 51,768 were indoor and 34,781 outdoor paupers. These figures are interesting as showing the immensity of metropolitan pauperism.

A STATISTICIAN figures out that all the money that American trade-unions have added or will add to the wages of labor will not equal the sum spent in this country last year, mainly by working-people, for liquors, more than \$800,000,000.

THE intimation given by China that she would not permit Russia to establish herself in Corea has already proved to be a genuine one. China has landed troops on the peninsula in token of her intention to hold it in spite of the opposition of the Koreans.

THE work of shipping Indian supplies to the West is this year one month ahead of the usual time, and as a result it is expected that the suffering heretofore entailed upon the Indians by the failure of the supplies to reach the agencies before cold weather will be avoided.

DISPATCHES from Madagascar say that the Hovas are raising objections to the demands of Frenchmen for the restoration of property. The French Resident at Tananarivo has been ordered to insist upon the strictest enforcement of the treaty between France and Madagascar.

A NEW YORK oyster-dealer figures up that in the season thirty thousand bushels of the delicious bivalve are eaten by New Yorkers daily, and as each bushel averages two hundred oysters, it follows that six millions are devoured. There being 244 days to the season, the aggregate consumption is placed at 1,464,000,000 oysters.

It is stated that a company of English capitalists, with headquarters in London, have got possession of an old concession for a railroad from Tuxpam to the City of Mexico, and will build a road which, it is calculated, will involve the expenditure of at least \$25,000,000. This is the most important investment of English capital ever made in Mexico.

THE saloon-keepers and liquor-dealers in Philadelphia have inaugurated measures of the most urgent character against High License. A fund of \$200,000 is being raised, and a complete secret organization is in process of creation with a view of defeating every candidate in the coming election known to be in favor of High License. The plan adopted is being carried out with great vigor.

A MOST successful attempt has been made to introduce into England the popular Canadian sport of "tobogganing." The first toboggan-slide has been erected at the Liverpool International Exhibition, and has been patronized to a surprising extent, 7,500 persons having passed the turnstiles on August 2d, Bank holiday, and 136,591 persons availed themselves of this amusement during the first fifty days after the opening of the slide.

THE treaty between the United States and Venezuela in regard to rehearing claims against the latter country has been ratified by the Venezuelan Congress, but it may require six weeks or more before the formal exchange of ratifications can take place. The treaty requires the appointment of Commissioners within ninety days after the exchange of ratifications, one for each country, they to choose a third member to act as umpire. This third member will be selected, probably, from Switzerland.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the United States Hay Fever Association was held, last week, at Bethlehem, N. H. The attendance was large. In the assemblage were college presidents, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, merchants and bankers. President Fay stated that the purpose of the Association was to enlist eminent physicians in the study of the disease and the exchange of personal experience as a basis for future generalizations, and to discover districts, such as the White Mountains, the Lake Superior region and the California coast, where exemption from the disease can be gained.

ADVISES from Ching Too Foo, the chief city of the Province of Sechuen, state that the natives of the eastern part of that province and those of Northern Cochinchina have risen against the Christians and are massacring them and destroying their property. In Cochinchina alone fifty Christians have been killed, their houses burned and their farms laid waste. In Sechuen a general massacre of Christians is reported in progress. It is said that whole villages occupied by Christians have been destroyed and that all lands occupied by the professors of that faith are being devastated. The foreign consuls barely escaped from Sechuen with their lives.

GREAT excitement was occasioned at Belleplain, La., last week, by the bursting of an artesian well at a depth of 180 feet, followed by the discharge of immense volumes of water. So great was the force with which the water was discharged, that a stream sixteen inches in diameter was thrown several hundred feet into the air. Two great rivers were soon formed, which swept through the town, carrying everything before them. All sorts of expedients were resorted to for the purpose of stopping the flow, but for days without avail. The amount of water and sand thrown out was immense, the discharge of water alone equaling 5,000,000 gallons daily. Fifteen carloads of stone were emptied into the well, but these were forced upward as though propelled by the force of giant powder. Bags of sand were then hastily constructed and cast into the well, but these, too, were hurled into the air. At this writing the water, which is mineral, is still flowing.



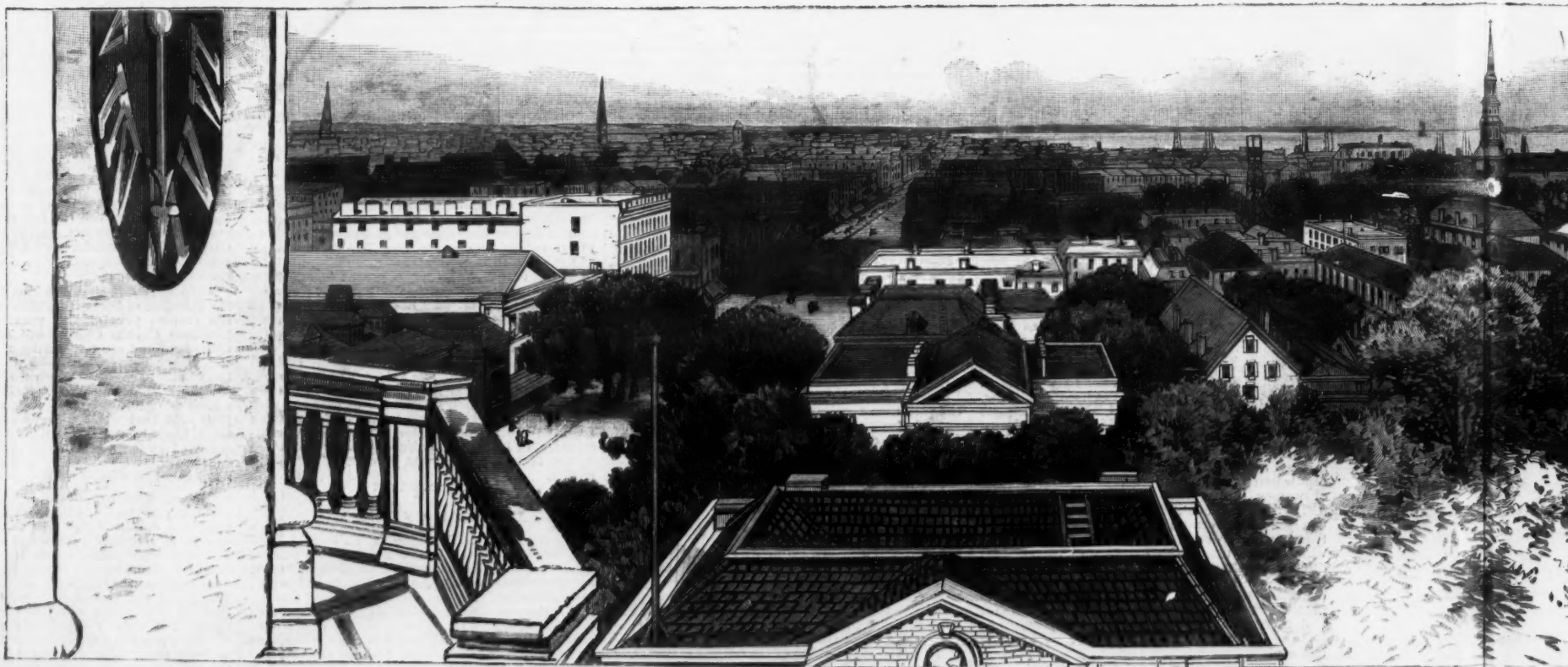
SCENE ON MEETING STREET, LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS BROAD—ST. MICHAEL'S IN THE BACKGROUND.



BROAD STREET, LOOKING EAST TOWARDS THE POST-OFFICE.



THE INHABITANTS TAKING REFUGE IN WASHINGTON PARK—M



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE APPALLING CALAMITY AT CHARLESTON—ONE-HALF THE CITY
VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON FROM THE TOW
FROM SKETCHES BY CUPHAM.—S



NGTON PARK — MINISTERING TO THE WOUNDED AND DYING.



SCENE ON COURT STREET, LOOKING WEST ON BROAD STREET — POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON THE LEFT.



CHURCH STREET, LOOKING NORTH — ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH IN THE BACKGROUND.



ON FROM THE TOWER OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

THE CITY DESOLATED BY EARTHQUAKE-SHOCKS—SCENES OF SUFFERING AND TERROR.

DES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 54.

"JACK AND JILL."

By ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

CHAPTER IX.

SLOWLY passes the night; Tempest is rigorously excluded from her father's room, and her post is taken by Dempsey. The door is kept closed, and of what may be passing within she and Martin know nothing. The great man has possession, and has shut himself in with Dempsey and his assistant, and entirely from her keeping has been taken that precious charge over whom she has watched through many nights of loneliness and anxiety.

Once during the earlier part of the night Sir James's assistant seeks her out with word from his master to the effect that the invalid is resting quietly, but that nothing of a definite nature can be said as to his condition before morning, when the crisis will have been reached and Sir James will be in a position to say whether life or death will be Jack's probable portion.

Towards morning, worn out with waiting and suspense, Tempest flings herself upon a rug before the grate and falls asleep. As the dawn breaks, faithful Martin rises from a sofa, and noiselessly going out, begins those homely duties which allow of no neglect, though Death stalk near to loved ones.

It is one of the mildest of Winter mornings, mild as is the climate; no clouds hang over the land or the sea, and the risen, rare sun is lifting the veils of mist that drape the hills, and gives a shining to their beetling peaks! The ocean lies still—a blue waste, with here and there the up-standing whiteness of a sail outlined against the deeper azure of the placid skies.

The opening of a door awakes Tempest; stiff and weak and dizzy, she gets hurriedly to her feet, to confront a kindly-faced, gray-haired gentleman, accompanied by a handsome young fellow wearing a sulky and uncertain visage, and whose eyes sink beneath her own.

"Miss Dempsey, I believe?" says Sir James, taking her limp hand and looking kindly down into the little pinched, worn face that holds such a pitiful remnant of its native seductiveness and piquancy. "You must not owe me anything for turning you out last night," continues the great man, genially. "It really was necessary, unpleasant though the duty was."

Does Tempest hear? It is doubtful; her glance is riveted to Sir James's countenance as though thereby she would drag forth his knowledge of Jack's fate. What is it—life or death?

"I must tell you, my dear. Your father has had very abominable treatment," continues Sir James, easily, declining to see how utterly she is shaken. "That fellow down here ought to be flayed alive for the way in which he has handled him. The very course that would aggravate the fever and increase the perils, that he has resorted to. Fortunately, we had twelve good hours in which to counteract those bad effects, lessen the fever and prepare the patient generally for the crisis, which now will soon be passed, and very fairly too, we have every room to hope."

Tempest moistens her gray, parched lips. "He will get over it, then?—he—he is not to die?" she articulates, with difficulty.

"As things look now, your father's chances for life are worth a dozen dying-men's; I think, my dear, your father will pull through all right," says Sir James, comfortably.

There is a moment when Tempest loses herself; when she recovers, she finds herself being upheld by Sir James, and Dempsey, with a scared look, is dousing water in her face.

"That's right," says the great man, approvingly, as she again takes possession of herself, and the color battles with the ashen shadow that a moment ago darkened her face. "You are better now?"

"Oh, I am all right," she says, still a little dazedly. Then, turning upon him feverishly, "May I see him?—may I go to him, now that the danger is past?"

Sir James elevates his brows. "My dear Miss Dempsey, you quite misunderstood me: the danger is by no means past; indeed, it is vigorously present. We are only in a fair condition to combat it. Quietude is imperatively necessary to your father's safety; your presence might excite him, and we dare run no risks. You must keep away from his room."

Tempest's head sinks lower; fiery as is her spirit, when she is vanquished, she is vanquished utterly—she does not even possess the spirit to rebel ever so weakly. Now she stands mute and obedient, unconscious of the fixedness of Dempsey's gaze that is studying her.

"And more than this," continues that voice of fate, that now holds all its professional rigor and dictum; "the sick-chamber must be entered but by one person, and the sick man must be attended but by the same. My friend, here, has readily promised me to be that individual, and if he requires any assistance, it will be rendered him by the person Martin. Will you promise me to keep away from the room, my dear, hard as it may seem, and give your father over to your cousin's hands, that to my surprise last night discovered to be uncommonly capable?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sensible little woman," says Sir James, patting the girl's lowered head. "I have left my London business with my assistants, and will remain down here at least twenty-four hours longer—until I find out how matters are progressing. After that, if your father's condition suits me, I will give up the case to your cousin and a very competent fellow—a Dr. Tichborne, of Plymouth—who at my request will be glad to take it in hand."

"You are very good—you—you overwhelm me; but I hope you will believe that I am grateful," murmurs Tempest, in that low, strained voice.

"Not at all," answers Sir James, cheerily, if a little vaguely, and unconscious that his every word is like a dart in the girl's breast. "I am very happy to serve this fine fellow here"—glancing with *bonhomie* at the scowling Dempsey, who seems to find it anything but agreeable to be the "fine fellow" of this occasion. "His father and I were old cronies—he did me many a good turn, and my being down here is a personal favor to his son."

Looking at her furtively as she still stands with drooped head, Dempsey sees a fine muscle quiver convulsively about the girl's tightly shut lips; otherwise her face is as passive as stone, worm-wood and gall though he knows this interview to have been to her.

At last she lifts her head uneasily, and looks at the physician.

"Did I understand you to say," she says, lowly, "that twenty-four hours would have been too late? That if you had not got here until to-day you could have done nothing for my father?"

"It would have been all up with him," replies Sir James, with brusque emphasis. "Hugh fetched me in the nick of time; and I must admit that the persevering scamp had use for all his eloquence before he could induce me to embark on this tramp to Cornwall. You must know, Miss Dempsey, that one's sensibilities are not as mellow at five-and-sixty as they were forty years ago; and if I were to attend all the summonses from strangers that find me out, why, bless me, I'd soon be laid up myself. However, I am excessively obliged to Dempsey for persisting in this case," bowing gallantly to the girl.

But she does not see; she has turned sharply away, swallowing a lump that has risen in her throat. Not even the possibility of having saved her father now lies with her. If Dempsey had not anticipated her—had she followed out her original plan of telegraphing for Sir James, he would not have come to them, strangers that they were, and if he had come it would have been too late. It is Dempsey who has brought him—it is Dempsey who is usurping her throne here in her own dominion—it is with Dempsey that the credit of all must lie. And that culprit, still furtively watching her, divines what is passing in her mind, and from the expression of his uneasy countenance, his position grows less and less a bed of roses.

"And now, my dear, I am off for the village and a rest," continues Sir James. Then, addressing Dempsey, "I will turn up here about noon; if there is any change for the worse, send Thompson"—his servant—"for me at once."

Dempsey has lingered behind; now that they are alone, he turns to the silent Tempest, with a marked hesitation in his manner.

"Do you fancy that I have had anything to do with usurping your position and of forcing you from your father's side?" he inquires, lowly.

She will not speak, but turns away with a gesture of ineffable scorn. He springs after her.

"By Heaven!" he says, turbulently, "you shall answer me: do you fancy it?"

"I think it entirely your doing," she retorts, in a voice husky through violence and misery. A hot excitement sweeps Dempsey's visage, but before he can give utterance to it, Martin knocks and enters. In her hand she holds the mail, and to one particular envelope she attracts attention. "This is the innkeeper's son brought you last night; but I forgot to give it you, in the excitement, my dear," says Martin.

At sight of the envelope which so vividly brings back his exploit of the previous evening, Dempsey grows a lively crimson, and Tempest's fingers viciously close over the unfortunate packet, which she deliberately places upon the coals in the grate.

"It is of no consequence—it never has been of consequence!" she says, bitterly, and Dempsey, turning, beats a hasty retreat.

Tempest languidly looks over the mail, and finally holds up to Martin a very desirable-looking slip of paper.

"Here is a check for a hundred pounds," she says, wearily. "Lord Morrisine has bought another of papa's paintings."

Martin grows almost extravagant in her demonstrations of relief.

"Oh, my dear, it is just in the nick of time!" she exclaims, as she relieves her eyes of one or two drops of briny gratitude.

"No—it comes too late!" says Tempest, enigmatically, as she throws herself upon a sofa, and turns her face to the wall.

CHAPTER X.

SLOWLY Jack comes back from the jaws of death—assiduously Dempsey nurses him; and now, once again, Tempest is with her loved one, free to minister to his wants in the happy days of his convalescence, and with the fretting, hateful presence of Dempsey no longer lying between them.

As soon as Jack's recovery is settled beyond doubt, Hugh departs; but between the two men has arisen a warm and steady friendship that requires neither words nor presence to keep alive.

For the first time, between Jack and Jill a secret lies; neither has exchanged confidence upon certain matters that have transpired during the former's eventful illness; wherefore Jill never dreams that for a month the Rock House had drifted back into her legal possession, or that upon his recovery the property was promptly handed back by her father, much against Dempsey's desire. True, she has signed certain legal-looking documents, at her father's request, but she has been innocent of all idea of their contents, imagining, if she had thought anything, that they were relative to the London property.

But upon one point Dempsey's will has been as iron; he will not have back the five thousand pounds he made over to Tempest.

"It is hers, it is her right," he says to Jack, who is vainly urging the transfer. "She has a claim

upon all my property; if I were to die without a will, don't you know, she would inherit all," he stammers, hurriedly, in reply to Jack's stare. "Of course, it goes without telling that you can support your own child, and all that; but let this be a little income for her personal finery and that sort of thing, which every woman requires. But for God's sake," he added, hastily, "never let her know that it came from me."

At this point Jack reflects with amusement that Hugh is almost as well acquainted with Jill's little foibles as he is himself.

"Where shall you go from here?" he inquires, seeing the obvious futility of resistance.

"Back to London," replies Dempsey, briefly.

"Well, look here, old man, you must not turn a cold shoulder on a fellow there; we shall both be in town. You must look in upon us as often as you can."

"It will not be agreeable to your daughter."

"Nonsense," says Jack, with more vehemence than his placid, *débonnaire* nature usually evinces. "Tempest knows that you have saved my life, and nursed me like a brother, and she will not forget herself so far as to make things unpleasant for us. She has treated you civilly, has not she, since you have been down here this last time?"

"Perfectly civil," replies Dempsey, with a slight, fine smile.

Jack regards him penetratingly.

"But, I say, has not she? I want to get at the truth, Hugh," he persists.

"She has been thoroughly civil," returns Hugh Dempsey, with truth. "Her every word and deed—since she kindly confided to me her conviction that it was I who drove her from your room—has been of icy politeness. All the same, a woman can easily let a man see he is detestable in her sight. The fact is," continues Dempsey, moodily, pulling his handsome mustache, "I am obnoxious to her, and there is no possibility of things becoming any better between us."

"And yet," remarks Jack, in a puzzled way, "there is a change in her. She has been a pretty little tyrant all her life. Now, she seems to look up to me, to have wakened up to the fact that I am her protector, and not she mine; she has less independence. Upon my soul," says Jack, with a laugh, "before I know it she will have made me a despot."

Dempsey has been attending his words with a peculiar sort of suppressed interest; now his lips part as if utterance trembled thereon, but in the next minute, evidently thinking better of it, he presses them hard together, and, wheeling about, walks to the window and lets his morose eyes travel out across the wintry Atlantic.

Next day he goes.

Down in the hall, after he has parted with Jack, and when he is coming from the regions of Martin, who has been won completely over to the enemy's side, he comes upon Tempest, standing in the drawing-room door.

As usual, she starts to flee at his approach, and not as usual, he follows her.

"I am off now," he says, in that tone of unnatural coldness and quiet with which they now invariably address one another on the few occasions that speech has been necessary between them. "And for that reason I must trouble you a moment. It is only this"—his words are slow and awkward now: "if there should ever come a time when you would like to communicate with me on—any—any—matter relative to the past—if you should fancy a change in—our—positions towards one another, or—should you require my assistance and—or—protection, or anything of that sort—" His stammering speech trails into ignominious silence, and, his bearing utterly lost, he stares into his companion's scarlet face, which is almost agonized in its shame.

For the life of her she cannot speak; she can only lift one hand, and, for once without any evidence of active hostility, point towards the door in a vague petition for him to end this wretched interview.

But by this time he has recovered himself.

"I have only this to say: should you ever desire to communicate with me, a line to this address"—he places a card upon the table—"will always in time find me out. Have you any desires, any fresh directions, as to the future?" he inquires, abruptly.

"She, too, has to some extent mastered her embarrassment."

"None," she makes low reply; "my only wish is to let that night drop into oblivion. Of all things, I desire to avoid an exposure. Do you think," she interrogates, with a quickened voice, "that there is any danger of the magistrate betraying us?"

"I should say not," he returns, thoroughly cold and suppressed. "I have done all I could to secure his silence. Moreover, if he should, since you are moving away from the place, it would do you little harm; it would scarcely be likely to come to the ears of any of your friends, who are chiefly in London, I believe."

Again comes a silence; Tempest is looking down, and then—whatever possesses him, he can never tell—but before he knows it he is standing by her side.

A quick alarm has come into the girl's appearance; her small head has gone up like a startled stag; her large eyes are brilliant with their old angry fires; her *seize* figure is drawn slightly backward.

She is a defiant, seductive picture, and as he studies her the dark blood rushes into Dempsey's cheeks.

Either owing to her recent loss of self-possession, or the unusual proximity of her enemy, Miss Dempsey's temper has revived with all its pristine vigor. There are signs of a fray in the air.

"Are not you thorough?" she says, acridly, for the first time in a month giving vent to anger. "Why do you stand there staring at me? Do you want—a gibing, malicious smile—to carry my image with you through the future?"

"Perhaps," he says, turning from her with a strange laugh. "The past shows that I am capable of any absurdity."

And thus they part. In the soul of each the other has planted a sting, to rankle and fester there through the time that they shall see one another not. But, besides his parting salute, others of his words linger in Tempest's ears:

"If you should require my assistance and protection!"

"As if ever I should!" she tells herself, in angry scorn. "As if, let come what would, I would ever go to him!"

All the same, for days after the words echo in her soul and will not be hushed. Has he laid a curse upon her?

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE most calamitous earthquake ever experienced in the United States laid half of Charleston, S. C., in ruins on the night of Tuesday, the 31st ult., and was felt more or less distinctly throughout a dozen States. According to the reports, it was perceptible as far west as Illinois, and as far south as Florida. Most of the towns and villages along the Atlantic coast as far as Massachusetts Bay were shaken, but outside the centre of the disturbance at Charleston comparatively little damage was done. The town of Summerville, however, about twenty-five miles distant, suffered a violent shock, and nearly every building there was destroyed or damaged.

In the beautiful, historic and unfortunate Carolinian city the violence and duration of the shocks was as appalling as their rapid recurrence was extraordinary. Nearly twenty distinct tremors occurred during forty-eight hours. The result of this fearful convulsion was the destruction of the greater part of the flourishing city of 50,000 inhabitants, and a loss of human life variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred, together with a state of panic, confusion and desolation which words fail to describe. Telegraphic and railroad communication were so completely cut off that nearly twenty-four hours elapsed before the condition of the ill-fated city was made known to the outside world, save through wild rumors. Even at the present writing it is impossible to state with accuracy how many persons perished. The city is full of wreck, and the streets are encumbered with masses of fallen bricks and tangled telegraph and telephone wires. Meeting Street, the Broadway of Charleston, is lined with ruins, and thronged with homeless people. Scarcely a house in the city escaped injury, and many are so shaken and cracked that a hard blow would bring them to the ground. The historic St. Philip's Church and the ancient St. Michael's, two famous landmarks of Charleston, remain standing, but will probably have to come down. The City Hall is seriously damaged. The Hibernian Hall, one of the finest buildings in the city, is destroyed, and nearly all the aristocratic mansions along the East and South Battery are ruined. The city is wrapped in gloom, and business is almost entirely suspended. A great many people left as soon as transportation could be obtained, while many of those who remain are encamped in the streets and parks. The loss by fire and earthquake cannot be accurately estimated, but is placed at from \$3,000,000 to as high as \$5,000,000. The wharves, warehouses, and the business facilities of the city are generally unaffected by the catastrophe, and Charleston is as ready as ever for the transaction of business.

The first shock of the earthquake was felt at 9:50 o'clock, Tuesday evening; and it was this chiefly which did such extensive damage to life and property. A low, rumbling noise was the first intimation of the calamity which was approaching. It seemed, according to the descriptions given, like the rumbling of a heavy truck over a frost-covered pavement, only it appeared far down in the depths of the earth. As the noise rolled on, a sharp, sudden tremor of the earth was perceptible, buildings swayed to and fro, chimneys toppled over, walls cracked, and the sound of thousands of panes of window-glass rattling on the pavement was added to the confusion. Men, women and children stood where the shock found them, paralyzed for an instant, and then suddenly awakening to a realization of the danger, rushed panic-stricken into the street. Here they encountered bricks and beams, telegraph-poles, and all kinds of obstructions which had been piled up by the force of the shock, and a wild scene of struggle and confusion followed. Dense clouds of dust filled the air. Houses were toppling on all sides. Fires appeared in the ground from which a sulphurous odor arose, and to add to the horror of the situation, three fires started simultaneously in different parts of the city. Citizens pushed their way as best they could to the squares and parks, and there, huddled together, they stood—some who had been awakened from sleep scantily clothed—awaiting in terror the doom which seemed inevitable.

The seismic wave, it appears, struck the city at the southeast corner, at what is known as the East Battery, and moved in a northwesterly direction, taking in its path Meeting, King and Broad Streets, the principal business thoroughfares, and including all the cross streets from the Cooper to Ashley River. The principal damage was done in the lower part of the city, from Queen Street south, although residences were shattered far to the north of this. The first awful shock was followed during the night by others, but these were of diminishing violence. The terrified people spent the night in the open air, fearing to re-enter such of the houses as were left standing, and as each successive shock occurred the panic increased. There were, however, many brave hearts and strong arms to care for the injured and rescue those imprisoned in fallen buildings. Even women, it is related, fought valiantly to release the unfortunates. Some were rescued with broken limbs, some who had suffered nothing more than fright, and a number of dead bodies were drawn from the mass of ruins. Many people were injured, some very seriously, as they rushed from the houses and fled frantically along the streets for places of refuge.

"Out in the street," says a participant in the terrible scene, in an article prepared for the *News and Courier*, "the air was filled to the height of the houses with a whitish cloud of dry, stifling dust from the lime and mortar and shattered masonry, which, falling upon the pavement and stone roadway, had been reduced to powder. Through this cloud, dense as fog, the gas-lights flickered dimly, shedding but little light, so that you stumbled at every step over the piles of brick or became entangled in the lines of telegraph-wires

that depended in every direction from their broken supports. On every side were hurrying forms of men and women, barchaded, partially dressed, some almost nude, and many of whom were crazed with fear or excitement. . . . A sudden fire flares through a window overlooking the street. It becomes momentarily brighter, and the cry of "Fire!" resounds from the multitude. A rush is made towards the spot. A man is seen doubled up and helpless against the wall; but at this moment somewhere out at sea—overhead—deep in the ground—is heard again the low, ominous roll, which is already too well known to be mistaken. It grows louder and nearer, like the growl of a wild beast swiftly approaching his prey, and is forgotten again in the frenzied rush for the open space, where alone there is hope of security, faint though it be. The tall buildings on either hand blot out the skies and the stars, and seem to overhang every foot of ground between them; their shattered cornices and copings, the tops of their frowning walls, seem piled from both sides to the centre of the street. It seems that a touch would now send the shattered masses left standing down upon the people below, who look up to them and shrink together as the tremor of the earthquake again passes under them, and the mysterious reverberations swell and roll along like some infernal drumbeat summoning them to die. It passes away, and again is experienced the blessed feeling of deliverance from impending calamity, which it may well be believed evokes a mute but earnest offering of mingled prayer and thanksgiving from every heart in the throng.

Captain Dawson, of the *News and Courier*, who lives in a massive brick residence in Bull Street, near Rutledge Street, was in his room on the second story when the first shock occurred. He says the house seemed literally to turn on its axis. The first shock was followed by a second and a third. The air was filled with the cries and shrieks of women and children. From every side came the cry, "God help us!" "God save us!" "Oh, my God!" When the first agony was over it was found that the ceiling of every room in the house was cracked, the big cistern was broken apart, the huge tank in the attic was pouring its flood of water into the bedrooms. In the parlor the statues had been wrenched from their bases and thrown to the floor. In the hall the massive lamp had actually been turned around. In front of the house was a large porch with heavy pillars and solid marble steps; all this was swept away as though it had been shaved off with a razor. And Captain Dawson's experience was that of hundreds of others in Charleston.

The Fire Department bravely turned out and succeeded in getting the fires under control, but not until they had consumed a score of wooden buildings.

The terrible experience of a load of passengers upon a railway train approaching Charleston during the shock illustrates in a peculiar manner the phenomena of the disturbance. The train was running along at the usual speed, and when about a mile south of Jeddburg, it appeared, in the language of one of the excursionists, to have left the track and to be going up, up into the air. This was the rising wave. Suddenly it descended, and as it rapidly fell it was flung first violently over to the east, the side of the car apparently leaning over at less than an angle of forty-five degrees. Then there was a reflex action, and the train righted and was hurled, with a roar as of a discharge of artillery, over to the west, and finally subsided on the track and took a plunge downward, evidently the descending wave. The engineer put down the brakes tight, but so great was the original and added momentum that the train kept right ahead. There were intervals of a hundred yards or more in which the track had the appearance of having been alternately raised and depressed, like a line of waves frozen in their last position. The second indication was where the force had oscillated from east to west, bending the rails in reverse curves, most of them taking the shape of a single and others of a double letter S placed longitudinally.

Many were the piteous scenes enacted in the streets and parks of Charleston on the night of the catastrophe. In many of the squares, notably at Washington Park, the fright and annoyance were increased by the excruciating religious performances of the colored people. In Washington Park these were led by two negro men with stentorian voices, who shouted, yelled and shrieked until morning.

The morning after the catastrophe, not a business place in Charleston was open, except a drug store, the proprietor of which was kept busy filling prescriptions. No groceries could be obtained by the homeless people, and much suffering from hunger was the result. But this was quickly relieved, and as soon as communication could be established with the outer world, aid in every form poured in from North and South for the sufferers of Charleston. The first train after the earthquake entered the city on Thursday afternoon.

By Friday evening, burial certificates had been issued for nearly fifty victims. The majority of those killed were colored persons. The list of wounded mounts into the hundreds.

What with the great fires of 1838 and 1861, the bombardment and capture by the Federal forces during the late war, the cyclone of last year, and the present crowning calamity, the fair City of Charleston seems to have had more than her share of disaster during the past half-century.

WORK ON THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

THE new Aqueduct, through which the Croton water-shed will be able to supply New York city to the extent of 250,000,000 gallons daily, is progressing with reasonable expedition towards the condition of a completed work, though it is scarcely to be expected that the "thirty-three months" provision of the contracts will be literally fulfilled. The old Aqueduct is thirty-six miles in length from the Croton Dam to High Bridge. It follows the line of the Hudson River towns most of the way. It is seven feet in diameter. The new Aqueduct is thirty-one miles long, following a shorter and more direct inland route than the old one. It is to be sixteen feet in diameter, except where lined with brick, when the mean diameter will be fourteen feet. For more than seven-eighths of the distance the Aqueduct will be tunneled through solid rock at a depth varying from 40 to 350 feet. It will pass underneath the Harlem River at a depth exceeding the height of the old Aqueduct's channel above it over High Bridge.

Our sketches illustrate the work at Shaft 25, situated between Tenth Avenue and the west bank of the Harlem River, at One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street, a short distance above High Bridge. This is one of the deep shafts, being sunk to a

depth of some 300 feet. The labor in these damp shafts is very trying, and numerous fatal accidents have occurred, over a score of lives having been sacrificed within a little more than a year's time. The laborers are mostly Italians, Irishmen and negroes. Some of them are quartered in the neighboring boarding-houses, while the Italians "camp out," sleeping in shanties and preparing their own food. Supply stores have been established in the vicinity, and the connection of Aqueduct contractors with these stores has furnished one of the scandals associated with the work. The men are paid monthly, and being generally an improvident and impecunious set, their demands for advances and orders are continual. When their pay becomes due, most of it has been already consumed by orders, which, it is charged, are cashed at the stores at a discount. However, if they can put up with the inconvenience of waiting a month for their money, they receive it in full, and are free to do what they please with it.

Our pictures give views of the shaft, with its machinery and surroundings, together with the damp, gloomy scene at the bottom, where the work of drilling for the dynamite blasts is in progress. The total depth of all the shafts, thirty-two in number, is 3,288 feet.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

THE International Races for the America's Cup, commencing on the 7th inst., this week engage the attention of all lovers of aquatic sports, here and abroad. During last week the competitors, the *Mayflower* and the *Galatea*, tested their qualities in several practice "spins," and both are entirely familiar with the course to be sailed. The merits of the respective crews have been a matter of a good deal of speculation, and in some respects the crew of the *Galatea* has the advantage in the fact that the men have been together ever since the cutter was launched. Each knows his place, and his movements are like clockwork. The crew of the *Mayflower*, on the contrary, are comparatively new. Most of the sailors of English yachts come from Essex, and are trained in yacht-sailing from their boyhood. When an English yacht-owner gets a good crew, he keeps them season after season. The victories of the *Inviz* are largely due to the fact that the men are kept not only through the yachting season, but are provided for throughout the winter. As a rule, the racing crews of American yachts are simply "scrub" crews gathered from various yachts, and are not as efficient as they might be if well drilled. We give an illustration showing the rivals in the races.

THE GROWTH OF NEBRASKA.

THE Chicago *News* says: "The Union Pacific Railroad was completed in May, 1869. Two years before—in 1867—Nebraska was admitted to the Union. She had then 120,000 population, occupying the sections adjacent to the Missouri and chiefly south of the Platte. In 1880 the population of the State was 452,402. Settlement and agriculture had then become general and prosperous over the eastern half of the State, and was beginning to subside its western half. Field culture had already obtained a firm hold along and between lines of railway as far west as the 100th meridian. In June, 1885, the population of Nebraska had increased to 740,645, or more than 60 per cent. in five years. The increase in her great farm products, the small grains, corn, hay, cattle and hogs was in proportionate ratio. Agriculture, thickening in the central and eastern portions, was steadily conquering westward. In 1885 homesteaders settling on the uplands in the vicinity of Sidney first broke ground for farms in Cheyenne County. The products of the first year were corn yielding from 35 to 40 bushels per acre, oats producing from 30 to 40 bushels, potatoes averaging from 100 to 150 bushels, and wheat yielding from 18 to 20 bushels to the acre; there were other varieties of field and root crops, the tame grasses, and trees of equally encouraging growth. This on the 103d meridian, but a single degree east of the meridian of Denver!"

"In the last five years the growth of Nebraska has been in greater ratio than that of any other State in the Union. In a few years she will rank among the more populous and wealthy, as she now does among the more fertile and productive of the Western States."

THE RAILWAYS OF INDIA.

THE London *Times* says: "Some idea of the value and importance of the Indian railway system, with its connected steamer services, may be gathered from the fact that the capital sunk in these undertakings is estimated at £161,917,840. Of this large sum the Government has spent directly £82,255,391. The capital outlay of guaranteed companies stands at £71,032,838, and that of the 'assisted' companies at £3,808,232. Native states—the principal in this respect being Mysore and Hyderabad—are responsible for an outlay of £4,821,379 on lines within their territories. When the construction of railways in India was first mooted there were some who warned the projectors that caste prejudices would prevent the natives from using them; but it is an astonishing fact that last year Indian railways carried no fewer than 80,864,779 passengers, who paid for their fares £5,538,126. In 1884 the number of passengers was 73,815,119, and their freight was valued at £5,070,754. The chief income of most railways, however, is derived from the goods traffic, and in this respect the Indian lines yield more than double the receipts obtained from passengers. No less than 18,925,385 tons of goods were carried, the receipts from which amounted to £11,915,375. Both the tonnage transported and the returns show an increase over the figures of the previous year, which was credited with a goods traffic of 16,633,007 tons, and the receipts therefrom amounted to £10,565,941.

AN ANOMALOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS.

In a recent letter to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Justin McCarthy writes: "In the Commons this session one sees a curious sight. As most persons know, what is called the front Opposition bench—the bench which faces the Treasury bench, on which Ministers sit—is usually occupied by members of the Government which has latest gone out of office. Men who come into office occupy the Treasury bench, while the men turned out occupy the front Opposition bench. This time, however, Hartington and Chamberlain, who helped to turn out Gladstone's Government, in-

sisted on the right to sit on the front Opposition bench, on the ground that they are still Liberals, still members of Gladstone's party in their general principles, and were members of Gladstone's Government. The result of this resolve has been that men ranged side by side on the same bench get up and denounce each other with all the fervor of political rivalry, fury and personal hate. Chamberlain stands up just beside John Morley and rattles at Morley as if the two had been lifelong opponents. Harcourt goes up and declaims away vigorously and vehemently at Chamberlain, who is sitting on the same bench, and just under his eyes. I remember Disraeli once humorously complaining to the House of Gladstone's energy of invective, and observing, amid the delighted laughter of the House, that he was often glad to remember that a very solid piece of furniture stood between the right honorable gentleman and himself. That solid piece of furniture was a table placed between the Treasury and the Opposition benches, covered with reference-books, standing orders and big dispatch-boxes. But now, in the new division of parties, the protection of a solid piece of furniture is not always of any avail. If in some future debate Chamberlain should sting Harcourt into unconquerable fury, there is no barrier between the two men—nothing to prevent Harcourt simply falling with all his vast bulk and weight upon the slender form of the helpless Chamberlain and crushing him out of existence."

LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA.

MR. THOMAS GRAY, Secretary of the London Board of Trade for Statistical Purposes, divides the nine years from 1874 to 1883 into three triennial periods. During the first of these periods the loss of life resulting from wrecks or from casualties to British ships amounted to 7,667; in the second period to 7,165, and in the third to the greatly increased total of 9,784. The loss of vessels during the nine years rose from 3,173 to 3,742. Mr. Gray sustains the statement that in 1881 the loss of life amounted to the alarming total of 1 in 60 of the total number of lives employed. We see, therefore, that while the dangers of land travel are diminishing because of the more scientific management and better construction of railroads, the chances of loss of life at sea are becoming greater, despite the efforts of legislation to remedy the evil.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE writer of a letter from Panama gives a sad picture of the wretchedness and misery of the laborers employed on the canal. According to his statement, even a skilled mechanic commands only \$1.20 per day, and lives in constant danger of the thieves and cutthroats with whom he is surrounded; while if he succumbs to the dreaded fever, the chances are that his body will be thrown into the street, or left on the beach a prey for the birds.

CONSIDERABLY more than 4,000,000 persons had been, at the end of last year, insured against sickness under the German law of compulsory insurance. At the beginning of 1886 the compulsion to insure was extended to the whole administration of the post, railway and telegraph, and to all trades connected with transportation, and a movement is on foot to extend the principle still further. The introduction of the system has not led to any diminution in the number of friendly societies or trades-unions, but many of them have had an enormous increase.

A PETITION was addressed to the Czar of Russia about two years ago, signed by the wives of many of the most prominent men of that nation, asking that Imperial favor be granted to temperance meetings conducted by women. Russia has a law, as old as the Empire, forbidding the assembling of women in any mass meeting for any purpose whatever; but, finally, the Czar has answered the petition of his feminine subjects, and answered favorably. Henceforth it will be legal for women in Russia to hold public meetings; but, decrees the Emperor, the meetings must all be in the temperance interest.

THE striking feature of the continued outbreak of cholera in Italy is not its virulence in any particular locality, but the area of the attack. The epidemic has visited north and south, but in badly drained towns it has naturally taken rather a severe hold. On the whole, things seem to be well managed, for, taking Venice for instance, the disease has been playing Jack-in-the-box there for some months, yet it has been confined to reasonable limits. The Italians have bought their cholera experience dearly, but it is apparent that they are now making use of the lessons which successive misfortunes have taught them.

AT the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Buffalo, Professor R. S. Woodward, of Washington, read a paper on the rate of recession of Niagara Falls. He said that the area of rock worn away at Horseshoe Falls between the years 1842 and 1875 was 18,500 square feet, equal to 4.25 acres; between 1842 and 1886, 24,500 square feet, or 5.62 acres; between 1875 and 1886, 60,000 square feet, or 13.7 acres. The main length of the contour of the falls is 2,300 feet. The time required to recede 1 mile, if the rate is 2.4 feet per year, is 2,200 years.

NAMES for the new steel cruisers for the Navy have been selected. One of the 4,000-ton vessels will be named *Newark*; the other, modeled after the Japanese war-ship *Naniwa*, will be called *Charleston*; and the third vessel will be called *Baltimore*. The *Laltimore* will be the largest vessel. The designs for it were made by Constructor White, of England, for the Spanish Government; but no vessel has yet been constructed in accordance with them. The *Baltimore* is expected to develop remarkable speed, and if the engineers perform their duty properly, all naval experts agree that she will be the fastest afloat and the finest vessel in the navy.

THE American Free Trade League has issued an address to "The Friends of Freedom," asserting that the recent trial of strength in Congress shows that a change of a single district in half of the States from the side of the Protectionists to the side of the Free Traders is all that is required to reform the revenue system of the Government. In more than this number of districts a change of less than five per cent. in the vote will change the district. The League, therefore, urges that the Free Traders take independent action in the Congressional districts, and either place independent tickets in the field or refuse to vote for any Congressional candidate who is not opposed to a tariff for protection. The Free Traders, the League asserts, hold the balance of power in most of the Congressional districts.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LIEUTENANT GREELY is now in better health than at any time since his return from Lady Franklin Bay.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND paid for his director's car when he went to the Adirondacks, the same as anybody may do.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is safely back again in Boston, with delightful memories of his hospitable reception abroad.

It is rumored that the Czar has abandoned his intention of going to Samarcand to be crowned Emperor of Asia, and will assume the title by ukase.

MAYOR SMITH of Philadelphia is to be investigated by a committee of the City Councils on charges of embezzlement, and depositing license and other fees in a private fund.

THE Republicans of Indiana have nominated Colonel R. S. Robertson for Governor, and adopted resolutions favoring local option, with alternative high license, as to the liquor traffic.

AMONG the distinguished persons coming over to lecture to us are: Henry Broadhurst, the workingman Member of Parliament; Dr. Edward Aveling, the cultivated Socialist; and the Rev. Dr. Kane, of Belfast, the notorious Orangeman.

THE Earl of Lonsdale, who is to accompany Violet Cameron, an English burlesque actress, to this country, is the patron of forty-one livings. This is probably the first time that Church and State came under the supervision of the same nobleman.

GENERAL BRADY, who was Assistant Postmaster-general under President Grant, and who achieved notoriety with Dorsey in the Star Route trials, is writing a volume of political reminiscences, embracing his knowledge of public men and their acts since the war.

SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON of Iowa is generally regarded as Mr. Blaine's choice for the Presidential nomination in 1888 in the event of his not being nominated. Governor Foraker of Ohio is said to be Blaine's choice for second place if he himself is nominated.

MR. JAMES MANNING, son of the Secretary, is authority for the statement that the Secretary is improving rapidly in health, but will probably not return to his seat in the Cabinet, although no consultation has been had with President Cleveland on the subject.

INVENTOR EDISON says that his adaptation of earth currents, when completed, may change the Meteorological Bureau's system and make it possible to forecast the weather exactly. He has an idea that it will do something still greater, but does not care to talk about that yet.

THE story that Colonel Bob Ingersoll has a very serious throat trouble, which threatens to run into consumption, is denied. It is true that he has had some trouble with his throat, owing to overwork in arguing cases, but rest has done away with that, so that now he is in as good health as ever.

AN African princess is living in Hanover County, Va. She is fourteen years old, and lives in the family of an Episcopal clergyman who was a missionary to Western Africa some years ago. She is soon to return to her native land to marry the King, and, with her American education, she is expected to prove a useful queen.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has written a letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh offering £25,000 for the founding of a free library on condition that Edinburgh adopt the Free Libraries Act, by the terms of which a tax, not exceeding one penny in the pound, is charged to defray the current expenses of public libraries.

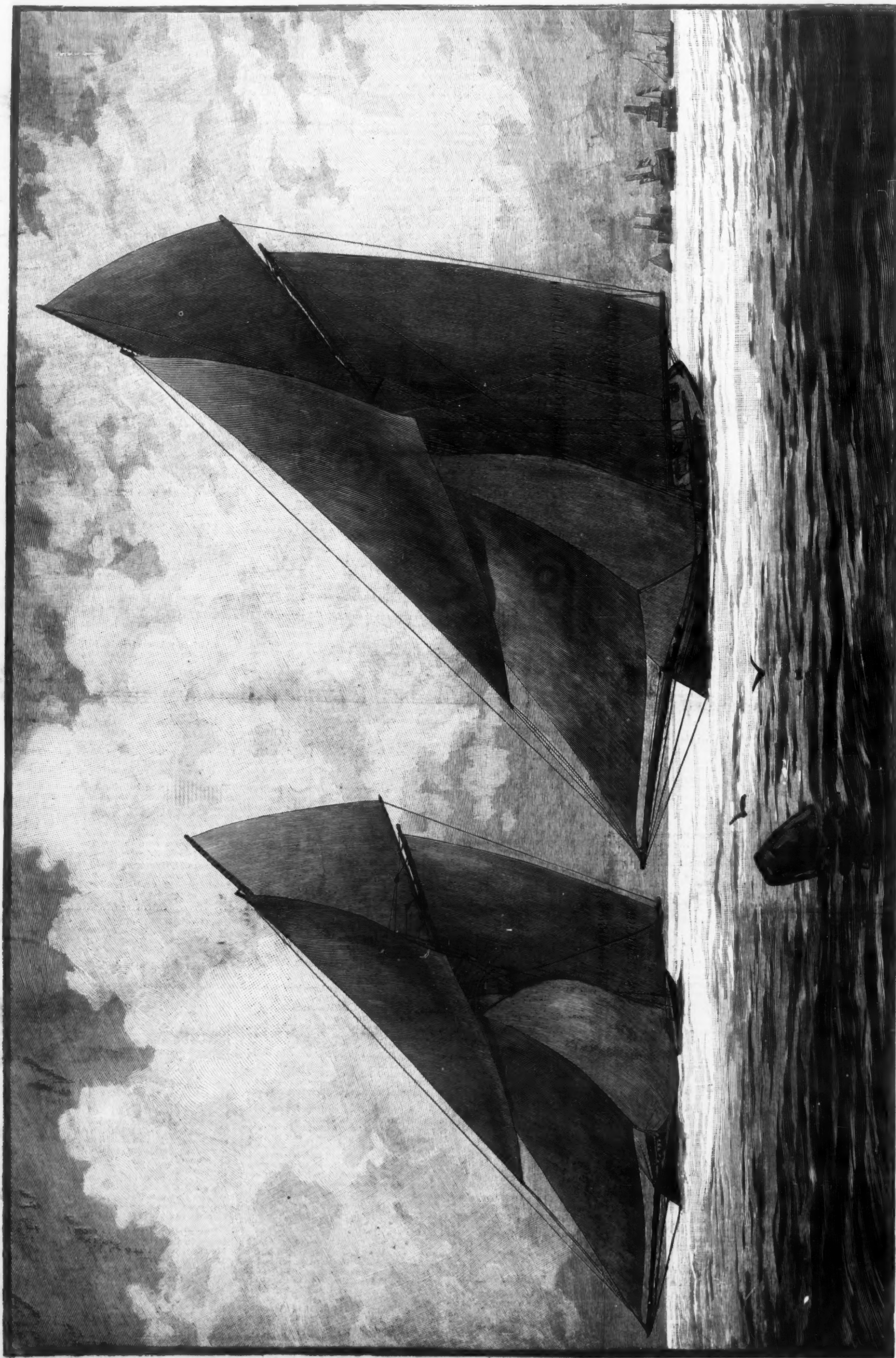
MGR. CAPEL, who is living near San Francisco attending to the publication of two books, one relating to the power, state and influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, recently received the news of the death of his venerable mother. Of her ten children but three survive—one a nun, another the priest, and the third a merchant.

THOMAS H. HERBERT, the old White House employé who died recently, began work in Fillmore's Administration as lamp-lighter and gatekeeper, ending as fireman and engineer of the Executive Mansion. He was a great favorite with all the Presidents from Fillmore down. President and Mrs. Cleveland did not forget him during his last illness, and when they left the city, the day before his death, they sent kind messages and many of the choicest flowers in the conservatory to him.

It is reported that Mrs. Victoria Morosini-Schilling has left her home in New York under circumstances that lead to the belief that she has found a man whom she prefers to her husband. Mrs. Schilling, it will be remembered, is the eldest daughter of Giovanni P. Morosini, formerly a partner of Jay Gould. She fell in love with her father's coachman, Ernest Schilling, ran away from her home in Yonkers with him, and was married to him in this city. She subsequently went upon the stage to earn her living, while he personally conducted a Sixth Avenue car.

MR. JAMES E. TAYLOR, a well-known New York artist, who was for a long time identified with FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, has just completed a painting of the Battle of Astoria, fought July 22d, 1864, for General John W. Fuller, of Toledo, O. It represents the scene where General Fuller's Fourth Division of the Sixteenth Corps has just been forced back by Walker's Division of "Paddy" Cleburne's Corps of the Rebel Army. General Fuller has leaped from his horse, rushed up and seized the flag of the Twenty-seventh Ohio, and advancing thirty feet, shouts, "Form line here!" Colonels Mendel, Churchill, and several staff officers, are represented. The painting as a whole is full of vividness and spirit.

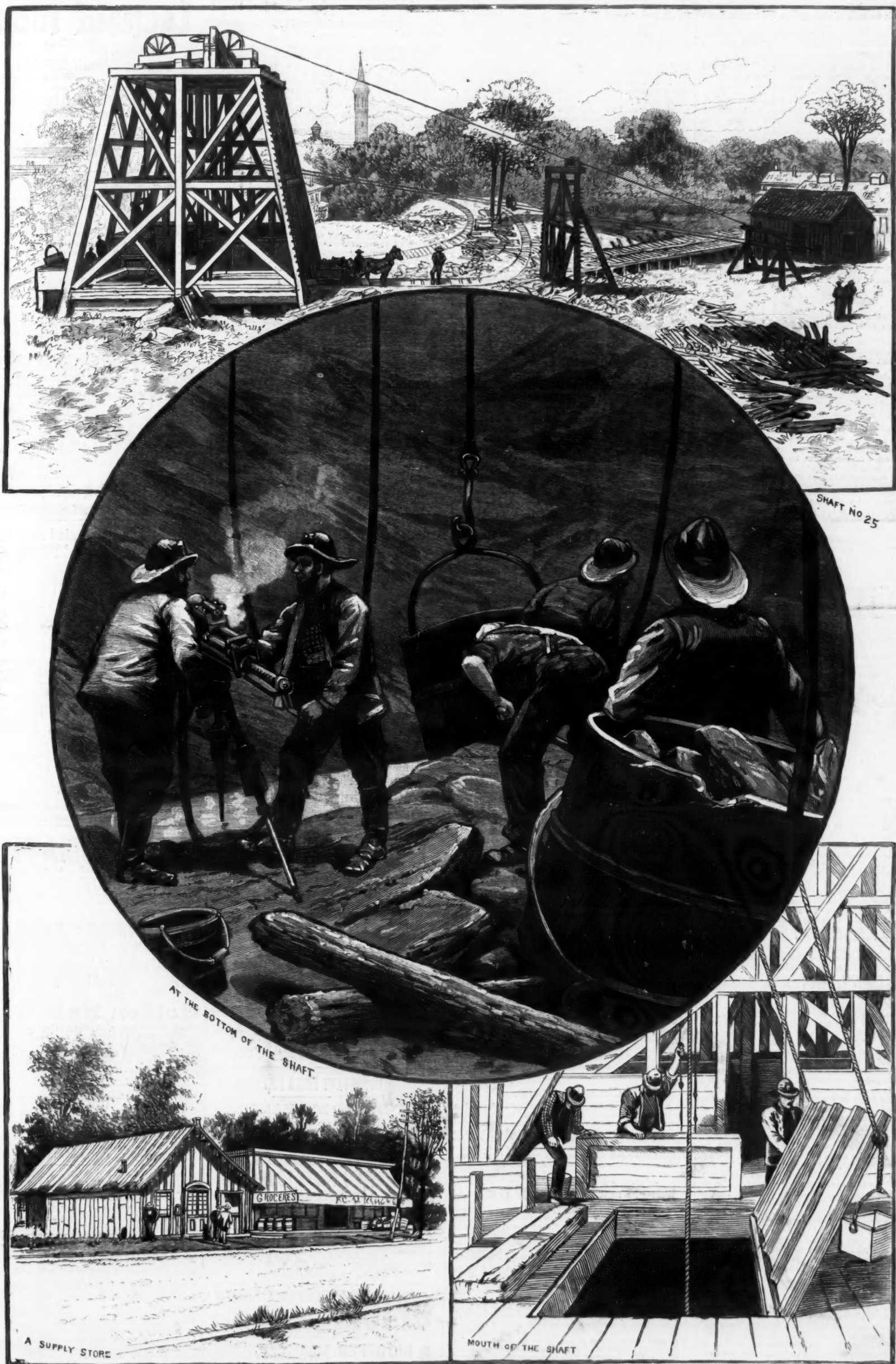
THE ninth white man to cross Africa from sea to sea in the central regions has recently reached Zanzibar, and is now on his way home. He is Lieutenant Gleerup, who for three years has been in the service of the International Association. When his term of service expired, nine months ago, he was at Stanley Falls Station, on the Congo. He was at liberty to make a comfortable voyage down the river on a steamer, and could have reached the Atlantic in about a month. He chose, however, to make the toilsome eight-months' march to Zanzibar with an Arab caravan dispatched by Tippu Tib, the great Central African slave and ivory dealer. Three years on the Congo had not impaired his vigor or dulled his appetite for African adventure. His route was up the Congo to Nyangue, and then almost east to Tanganyika and the Indian Ocean.



THE "GALATEA."

THE "MAYFLOWER."

THE COMING INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.—THE RIVALS.
SEE PAGE 59.



NEW YORK.—VIEWS SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE NEW AQUEDUCT.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 59.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE National Convention of anti-saloon Republicans will be held in Chicago on the 16th instant.

THE latest Treasury rumor is to the effect that Senator McPherson of New Jersey will succeed Secretary Manning.

A SICKNESS which resembles yellow fever having broken out at Biloxi, Miss., the town has been quarantined by the health authorities.

THE California Democratic State Convention, held last week, adopted a resolution demanding the abrogation of the Burlingame Treaty with China.

REPORTS from the various tobacco-growing districts throughout the country indicate an increased yield over 1885, and better prices than last year are expected.

THE Maine campaign is becoming red-hot. Ex-Governor St. John is speaking for the Prohibitionists, while Mr. Blaine addresses large meetings of Republicans with his old-time readiness and vigor.

ANOTHER severe earthquake-shock was felt in Charleston, S. C., on Friday night. Several shattered buildings fell, and one woman was killed. Tremors have been perceptible in Columbia, Savannah, and other cities of the South Atlantic coast, causing much alarm.

FOREIGN.

DURING the recent riots in Belfast, Ireland, 322 policemen were more or less injured.

It is announced that, as soon as the cold season sets in, the British Government will mass a force in Burma to subjugate the country.

It is stated from Ottawa that the British Admiralty have ordered six war-ships to Halifax to enforce the Fisheries Act of 1818, and that Newfoundland has given notice that no American vessel will be allowed within the three-mile limit.

PRESIDENT DIAZ of Mexico has issued a circular to State and local authorities throughout the republic, ordering that all cases involving the rights and liberties of foreigners be promptly reported to the General Government. This is a protective measure designed to avoid complications like those which arose in the Cutting case.

COLLISIONS have taken place in Bulgaria between Government troops and a rebel regiment, with serious loss to the latter. In a letter to Prince Alexander, acknowledging a friendly and submissive communication from him, the Czar says: "I shall abstain, so long as your Highness remains in Bulgaria; from any intervention in the sad condition to which the country is reduced. Your Highness must decide your own course. I reserve to myself to judge what my father's venerated memory, the interests of Russia, and the peace of the East, require of me."

HUMORS OF THE PEANUT CLUB.

MR. AMOS J. CUMMINGS writes as follows of the Peanut Club of New York: "The Peanut Club has been in existence nearly twenty years. Its first President died last Spring. He was Mr. Amadeo Vatable, a well-known French shipping merchant. Mr. Vatable was wealthy, and one of the most genial of men. He was as rotund as a Fall pippin, but by no means as seedy. He dressed in exquisite taste, and was a favorite with the ladies. He caught the idea of the Peanut Club in Marseilles, where, when a young man, he was a member of an organization fully as unique. He organized the club in this city. Its members all carry ivory peanuts inscribed with their names. Whenever and wherever they meet, if one exhibits his peanut the other must follow suit under penalty of \$5 fine. The fine was formerly only \$1, but so many Wall Street men became members, that five years ago it was raised to \$5. At any hour of the day or night, under any circumstances, if one peanut is shown, all members within hailing distance must return the compliment. The fines are booked, and collected at stated intervals, and are spent in *recherché* banquets. Such men as James R. Keene, Wash. E. Conner, Frank Osborn, Charlie Bemeisler, Chauncey M. Depew, James W. Husted, Charles E. Loew, Casimir Thoron, Napoleon L. Thieblin, Senator Gibbs, Herman Oelrichs, Rufus Hatch, Buck Houston, Frank Allen and G. K. Lansing are among the members of the club.

"The Yankee members very quickly proved too smart for the cheery old French gentleman. For years his fines furnished exquisite entertainments. All sorts of games were played on him. He went to Washington in 1876 to secure legislation in favor of a commercial scheme. At 1 A. M. he was quietly sleeping in Willard's Hotel, when there was a ringing cry of Fire at his door. He bounced into the corridor in his night-shirt; there stood foxy Rufus Hatch arrayed in evening dress. With charming grace and nonchalance he shoved an ivory peanut under the nose of Vatable. The French gentleman, of course, could not respond, and submitted to his fine with Christian resignation. One day Charles E. Loew invited Mr. Vatable to ride. Loew had a spanking team of trotters. Vatable was as crazy over fine horses as General Grant. He took the ribbons, and the span sped along at a two-minute gait. At the height of their speed they took fright at a Jerseyman. Vatable braced himself against the dashboard and seasawed right gallantly. At the acme of his tribulations, however, the inevitable peanut appeared under his nose. He dared not drop the reins, and his Christian resignation again came into play. The fine coaxed from his pocket without a murmur. Wash Conner once took him on a short cruise on his yacht. Vatable was in ecstasy. But in an evil hour he was inveigled aloft. The dancing masts swung him lither and thither over the foaming waves. He clung to the rigging like a coon in a hurricane. At this awful moment Conner placed a peanut before his eyes. It was effective. Vatable dared not lose his hold for a second, and afterwards he paid his fine with silent regret. On Evacuation Day Mr. Vatable got caught in a crowd on Broadway. He was wedged in so tight that his feet scarce touched the pavement. His hands were pinned to his sides. He could scarcely breathe—much less move. In this predicament he was discovered by Jake Hess. In an instant Hess produced his peanut, with a sarcastic smile. The old Frenchman struggled in vain. He was forced to nod his head in acknowledgment of the fine, which was booked with remorseless rigor. Five years ago Mr. Vatable was spending a hot Summer

day at Long Branch. Warren Leland persuaded him to go in swimming. The temperature of the water was delightful. The Frenchman swam hand-over-hand, tried it dog and frog fashion, and finally turned upon his back and drifted towards Sandy Hook in dreamy languor. Suddenly he heard a noise like the spouting of a porpoise. It was no porpoise. It was Warren Leland. His fat hand flourished a peanut in the air within a foot of Vatable's head. Warren had carried his own ivory pod in his mouth, and had swum out to Vatable with the express purpose of imposing a fine. The genial Gaul exercised his usual Christian resignation, and was docked as usual. That night the Frenchman returned to rest filled with good cheer and virtuous resolutions. At midnight there was a knock at his door. A telegram of unusual importance was announced. The bearer was shown into the parlor. Within twenty seconds Vatable appeared, clad in a flannel nightcap and a Crittenden chemise. The telegram was produced. It was bogus. But there was nothing bogus about the peanut. That called for \$5, and it got it. The amiable Vatable again retired, but his cheerful temper and virtuous resolutions had vanished.

"Some years ago there was a jam at the elevated railroad station near Hanover Square. The cars, station, stairs, street, ticket-agents and conductors were full. Vatable stood at the foot of the stairs. Within two hours he reached the platform. He caught the railing of the hind car, and moved towards Franklin Square suspended between heaven and Pearl Street. The Hon. James Oliver saw his situation, and whipped out his peanut. At the same moment the conductor asked for the Frenchman's ticket. Vatable acknowledged the corn in both cases. The ticket was collected and the fine recorded. One day, however, he saw real trouble. A job was put up, and he was robbed of his peanut by an expert pickpocket. The news was quickly spread among the members of the club. He was waylaid at every corner. By a provision of the by-laws, on losing his peanut, no member can secure another ere the lapse of forty-eight hours. That day the club became richer by hundreds of dollars. Towards nightfall, however, Vatable fled to Hoboken, and went into exile. Two days afterwards his friends paid him the *amende honorable* by giving him a gold peanut studded with diamonds. At his death he willed it to Casimir Thoron, who carries it to this day."

FUN.

A BOOKKEEPER'S accounts can be well done without being cooked.

"THERE'S plenty of room at the top," as the champagne remarked when it flew to the dude's head.

"VERY few musicians," says a writer, "have any regard for time." That is true—their own time or anybody else's.

AN exchange complains that marriage is too easy in this country. From certain remarks let fall by an unmarried aunt, Fogg says he had conceived a contrary opinion.

AN Ohio man claims to have invented a machine that will continue to run without stopping until it wears itself out. It is evidently an infringement on a book-agent's tongue. —*Norristown Herald*.

AN inquirer wants to know how constellations travel through the heavens. We will merely say that there is a popular impression that stars have legs, and that a great deal depends upon them. —*Lowell Citizen*.

"MA," said Laura Parvenue, at Newport—"ma, Lord Westchester told me all his property in England is entailed; what's entailed, ma?" "Why," said ma, "it's all fenced in, you know; something like a barbed-wire arrangement like what's on your grandpa's farm." —*Albany Argus*.

A MICHIGAN paper tells of one Dr. Manly who killed seventy rats in one day. The deadly propensity of the medical profession has long been recognized, and it is comforting to know that it has at last found a channel in which it can exercise itself to the satisfaction of mankind. —*Boston Transcript*.

DURING an affray in a Texas town, a man was shot and very badly wounded. Sympathizing friends raised up the fainting man. Take him to the drug-store," suggested somebody. Slowly the wounded man opened his eyes and whispered faintly: "What's—the matter—with—the saloon?" —*Texas Siftings*.

INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

THIS widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvellous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood-taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocoele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to DR. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

MR. STEWART'S LITTLE PLUM.

JOHN A. STEWART, of the firm of Ledbetter & Stewart, well-known contractors, whose office is located in the basement at No. 5 Lafayette Avenue, was one of the three fortunate holders of a one-fifth interest in ticket 19,406, which drew \$10,000 at the July drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. A Tribune representative found Mr. Stewart last evening at his elegant home at 736 Cass Avenue, and learned from his own lips the story of his luck. Said he:

"Some time before the July drawing, my friends W. J. Sullivan and William Herbeus, of this city, and myself, parted with \$5 each, and received therefor fifteen different pieces of pasteboard representing a one-fifth interest in fifteen different tickets. It was my first venture. Of course, we expected nothing, but judge of our surprise when we received notice that ticket No. 19,406, in which we had a fifth interest, had drawn \$10,000. Shortly after a check for \$2,000 was received, and we forthwith divided the money equally." —*Detroit (Mich.) Tribune, July 28th*.

Do not forget to add to your Lemonade or Soda ten drops of ANGIOTON Bitters. It imparts a delicious flavor and prevents all Summer Diseases. Be sure to get the genuine ANGIOTON, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

SICK and bilious headache cured by DR. PIERCE'S "PELLETS."

It was at El Paso, Tex., that a citizen buckled on two revolvers, seized an American flag in his hands, and was about to jump into the street and yell, "Down with Mexico!" when a stranger laid his hand on his arm and whispered, "Don't! I'll give you a dollar not to." "Ain't you a patriot?" howled the Texan. "Oh, yes." "And don't you want to see Mexico licked?" "Certainly." "Then what ails you?" "I want to get rid of \$6,000 worth of Mexican Central stock first. Please don't add to the excitement." —*Wall Street News*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A DISEASE of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

BIRD MANNA restores the song of cage birds and keeps them in perfect health. Sent for 15c. in stamps. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila.

SCALDS and BURNS should have prompt and proper care or they may prove very dangerous and perhaps FATAL ACCIDENTS are constantly happening. A kick of a horse or cow may cause a bad bruise; the slip of an axe or knife may result in a serious cut.

Any of these things may happen to one of YOUR family at any moment. Have you a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ready for use in such cases? It has no equal for the cure of scalds, burns, cuts, swellings, bruises, sprains, sores, insect bites &c. All Druggists sell it.

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Glenn's Sulphur Soap. The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENTON on each packet). Of druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c., mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT NEWS FOR LADIES! NO MORE WRINKLES. NO MORE SMALL-POX MARKS. YOUTH AND BEAUTY CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY USING DR. LENGYEL'S PASTA POMPADOUR.

It is the only preparation in the world WARRANTED to cure and eradicate all impurities of the skin, such as PIMPLES, SALT RHEUM, MOLES, FRECKLES, WARTS and SUN BURNS, and gives the complexion a fresh and beautiful appearance which cannot be obtained even by the dangerous use of arsenic. It removes WRINKLES and prevents their reappearance after such removal, and cures PRURITUS, and restores the itching, itching, itching under the skin, and makes it soft, clear and white. PASTA POMPADOUR is not a paint or powder, used to cover up and shield the impurities and defects of the skin, but a remedy that naturally cleans and perfectly converts the same to a healthy beauty. Sent on receipt of Price, \$1.00 per box. Full directions accompany each box. DR. LEO SCHWARTZ & CO., 39 Bond St., New York. Testimonials from the highest authorities. Money refunded unsatisfactorily if results not satisfactory. Mention Illustrated Newspaper.

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ESTABLISHED 1851. Best in the world. Harmless! Reliable! Instantaneous! No disappointment, no ridiculous tints, remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; leaves the hair soft and beautiful. Black or Brown. Explanatory circulars sent postpaid in sealed envelopes, on application, mentioning this paper. Sold by all druggists. Applied by experts at Batchelor's Wig Factory, 30 East 10th St., N. Y. City.

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Positively Cured. In any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. F. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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THE KENTS OF KENTUCKY:

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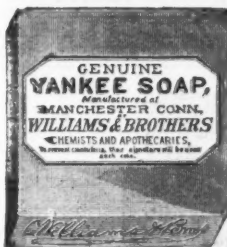
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A CASKET OF SILVERWARE FREE To any person who will show it to their neighbors, act as our agent, and send orders. Give your nearest express and Post Office. Address, Wallingford Silver Co., Wallingford, Conn.

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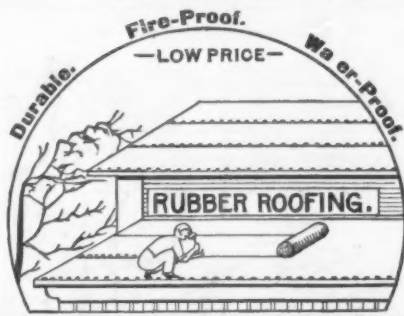
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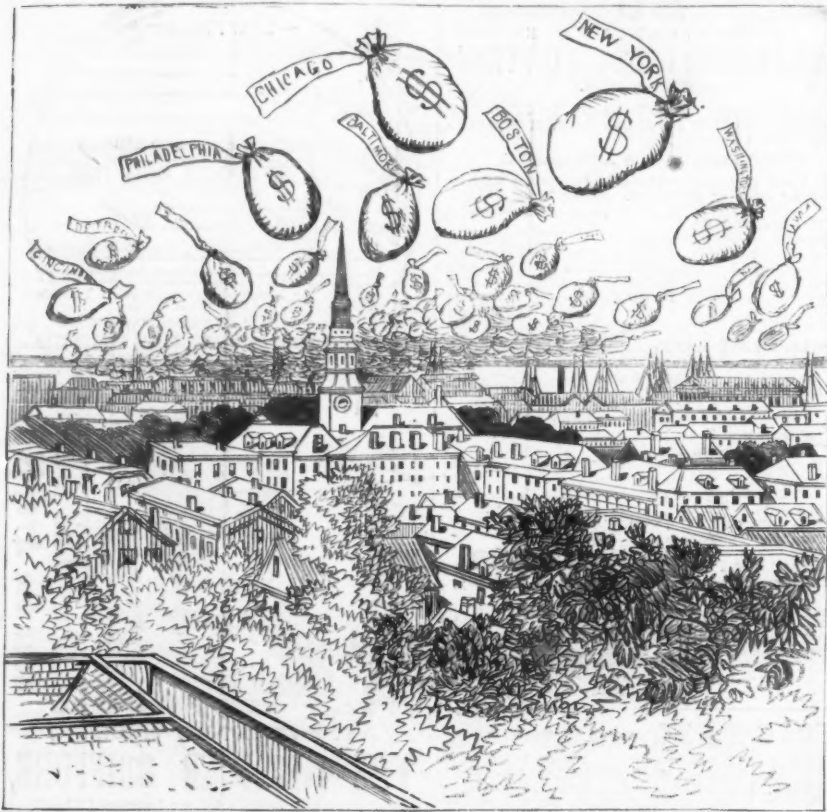
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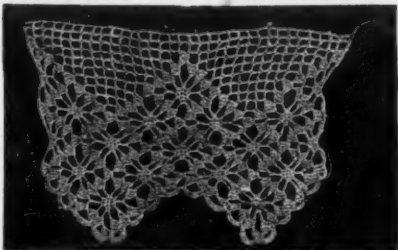
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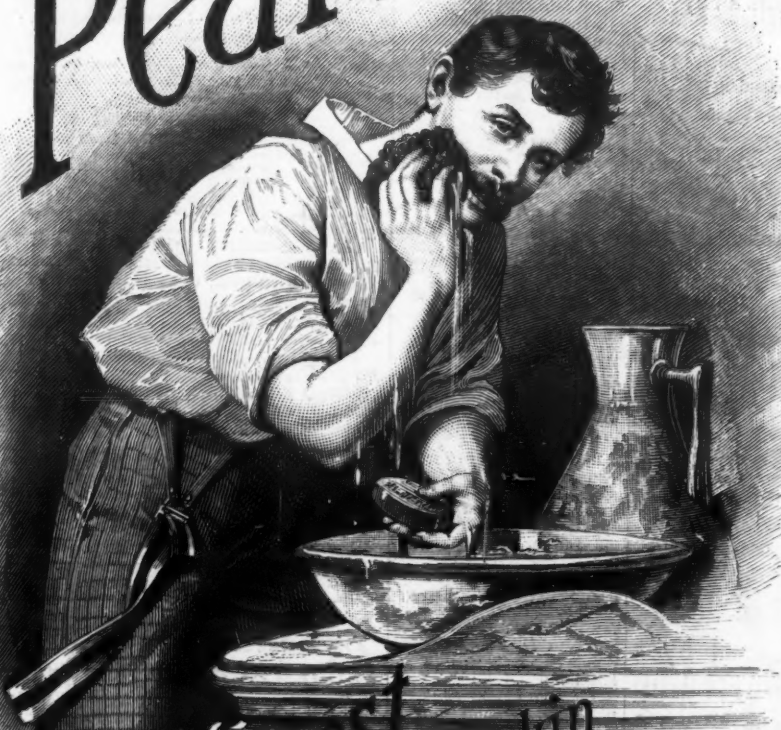
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